

5  
ALL IN THE WRONG.

A

COMEDY.

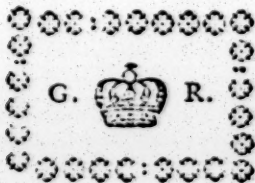
As it is ActED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. MURPHY.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia ; injuriæ,  
Suspiciones, Inimicitia, Induciæ,  
Bellum, pax rursus.-----*

TERENCE.



---

C O R K E :

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first hint of this Comedy was suggested by the *Cocu Imaginaire* of *MeLiere*, who took the idea of his piece from an Italian writer. Though jealousy, in all its appearances, has been frequently exhibited on the English stage, yet it was imagined that a plan, which should delineate all the varieties of that passion, whether subsisting between lovers or in the matrimonial life, and blend them together in one piece, would not be unacceptable to the public. If therefore, there is attonement made for the want of originality of character by the decency of the dialogue, the novelty of the fable, and the complication of the incidents, the author has compassed all that he proposed to himself in the ensuing scenes; which, with pleasure he finds, were the occasion of producing the too long concealed powers of Miss *Haughton*, and of shewing, in a distinguished light, the exquisite acting of Mr. *O'Brien*.

*Lincoln's-Inn*, Nov. 15,  
1761.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Sir JOHN RESTLESS,	Mr. YATES.
BEVERLEY,	Mr. OBRIEN.
Sir WILLIAM BELLMONT.	Mr. BURTON.
Young BELLMONT,	Mr. PACKER.
Mr. BLANDFORD,	Mr. BRANSBY.
ROBERT, Servant to Sir JOHN,	Mr. BLAKES.
BRUSH, Servant to BEVERLEY,	Mr. WESTON.

## W O M E N.

Lady RESTLESS,	Miss HAUGHTON.
BELINDA,	Mrs. YATES.
CLARISSA,	Mrs. PALMER.
TATTLE, Servant to Lady } RESTLESS,	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
TIPPET, Servant to BELINDA,	Miss HIPPLESLY.
MARMALET,	Miss MILLS.



# ALL IN THE WRONG.

## A COMEDY.

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### ACT I. Scene the Park.

*Enter Sir John Restless and Robert, from a House in the Side Scene.*

*Sir John.* **S**IR John Restless!—Sir John Restless! thou hast play'd the fool with a vengeance.—What devil whispered thee to marry such a woman?—Robert,—you have been a faithful servant in my family, Robert, and I value you.—Did your lady go out at this door here into the park, or did she go out at the street door?—

*Rob.* This door, Sir.

*Sir John.* Robert, I will never live in a house again that has two doors to it.

*Rob.* Sir!

*Sir John.* I will give warning to my landlord instantly.—The eyes of Argus are not sufficient to watch the motions of a wife, where there is a street door, and a back door, to favour her escapes.

*Rob.* Upon my word, Sir, I wish—you will pardon my boldness, Sir,—I wish you would shake off this uneasiness that preys upon your spirits—it grieves me to the heart,—it does, indeed, Sir, to see you in this way—Banish your suspicions, Sir—you have conceived some strange aversion, I am afraid, to my lady, Sir.

*Sir John.* No, Robert; no aversion—in spite of me I doat upon her still—

*Rob.* Then why will you not think generously, Sir, of the person you love?—my lady, I dare be sworn—

*Sir John.* Is false to me.—That embitters my whole life—I love her, and she repays me with ingratitude, with perfidy,—with falsehood,—with—

*Rob.* I dare be sworn, Sir, she is a woman of honour.

*Sir John.* Robert, I have considered you as a friend in my house—Don't you betray me too—Don't justify her—don't—

*Rob.* Dear Sir, if you will but give me leave—you have been an indulgent master to me, and I am only concerned for your welfare—You married my lady for love, and I have heard you so warm in her praise—why will you go back from those sentiments?

*Sir John.* Yes, I married her for love—Oh! love! love!—What mischief dost thou not occasion in this world?—Yes, Robert, I married her for love.—When first I saw her I was not so much struck with her beauty, as with that air of an 'ingenuous mind that appeared in her countenance;—her features did not so much charm me with their symmetry, as that expression of sweetness, that smile that indicated affability, modesty, and compliance.—But, honest Robert, I was deceived--- I was not a month married, when I saw her practising those very smiles at her glass—I saw thro' the artifice; plainly saw there was nothing natural in her manner, but all forced, all studied, put on with her head-dress—I was alarmed; I resolved to watch her from that moment, and I have seen such things——

*Rob.* Upon my word, Sir, I believe you wrong her, and wrong yourself—you build on groundless surmises;—you make yourself unhappy, and my lady too; and by being constantly uneasy, and never shewing her the least love,—you'll forgive me, Sir,—you fill her mind with strange suspicions, and so——

*Sir John.* Suspicions, Robert!

*Rob.* Yes, Sir; strange suspicions!—My lady finds herself treated with no degree of tenderness; she infers that your inclinations are fixed elsewhere, and so she is become—you will pardon my blunt honesty—  
she

she is become downright jealous,—as jealous as yourself, Sir. ———

*Sir John.* Oh ! Robert, you are little read in the arts of women ; you little know the intricacies of their conduct ; the mazes thro' which they walk, shifting, turning, winding, running into devious paths, but tending all thro' a labyrinth to the temple of Venus ; ---you cannot see, Robert, that all her pretences to suspect me of infidelity are merely a counter-plot to cover her own loose designs ;—'tis but a gauze-covering, tho'---it is seen thro' and only serves to shew her guilt the more.

*Rob.* Upon my word, Sir John, I cannot see——

*Sir John.* No, Robert ; I know you can't—her suspicions of me all make against her ; they are but female stratagems, and yet it is but too true that she still is near my heart.---Oh ! Robert, Robert, when I have watched her at a play, or elsewhere,—when I have counted her oglings, and her whisperings, her stolen glances, and her artful leer, with the cunning of her sex, she has pretended to be as watchful of me—dissembling, false, deceitful woman !

*Rob.* And yet, I dare assure you.

*Sir John.* No more ; I am not to be deceived ; I know her thoroughly, and now---now---has not she escaped out of my house, even now ? ———

*Rob.* But with no bad design.

*Sir John.* I am the best judge of that—which way did she go ? ———

*Rob.* Across the Park, Sir---that way, Sir---towards the Horse-guards———

*Sir John.* Towards the Horse-guards !---there,——there,—there—the thing is evident ;—you may go in, Robert.

*Rob.* Indeed, Sir, I ———

*Sir John.* Go in, I say : go in ———

*Rob.* There is no persuading him to his own good.

[Exit.

*Sir John alone.*

Gone towards the Horse-guards !---my head aches, ---my forehead burns---I am cutting my horns---Gone towards the Horse-guards !---I'll pursue her thither ;

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if I find her, her usual artifice will fail her—the time, the place, will all inform against her.—Sir John! Sir John! you were a madman to marry such a woman.—

[Exit.

*Enter Beverley and Bellmont, at opposite Sides.*

*Bew.* Ha! my dear Bellmont—

*Bell.* Beverley!—I rejoice to see you.

*Bew.* Well! I suppose the same cause has brought us both into the Park? both come to sigh amorous vows in the friendly gloom of yonder walk;—Belinda keeps a perpetual war of love and grief, and hope and fear in my heart—and let me see—(*lays his hand on Bellmont's breast*) how fares all here? I fancy my sister is a little busy here—

*Bell.* Easy! she makes a perfect riot there—not one wink the whole night—Oh! Clarissa, Clarissa! her form so animated! her eyes so—

*Bew.* Prithee! truce; I have not leisure to attend to her praise—a sister's praise too!—Faith, the greatest merit I ever could see in Clarissa is, that she loves you freely and sincerely.

*Bell.* And to be even with you, Sir,—your Belinda, upon my soul, notwithstanding all your lavish praises, her highest perfection, in my mind, is her sensibility to the merit of my friend.

*Bew.* Oh! Bellmont, don't talk profanely—Such a girl!

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse

The devotion which I use

Unto that adored dame;

But, my dear Bellmont, tell me honestly now, do you think she has ever betrayed the least regard for me?—

*Bell.* How can you, Beverley, you that have such convincing proofs, how can you ask such a question—that uneasiness of yours, that inquietude of mind—

*Bew.* Prithee now don't fix that character upon me—

*Bell.* It is your character, my dear Beverley; and instead of enjoying the object before you, you are ever looking back to something past, or conjecturing about something to come, and are your own self-tormentor.

*Bew.* No, no, no; don't say so; I hate the very notion of such a temper: the thing is, when a man loves

loves tenderly as I do, sollicitude and anxiety are natural; and when Belinda's father opposes my warmest wishes——

*Bell.* Why yes, the good Mr. Blandford is willing to give her in marriage to me.

*Bew.* The senseless old dotard!——

*Bell.* Thank you for the compliment!—and my father, the wise Sir William Bellmont——

*Bew.* Is a tyrannical, positive, headstrong——

*Bell.* There again I thank you——But in short, the old couple, Belinda's father and mine, have both agreed upon the match, and they insist upon compliance from their children; so that, according to them, I am to be married off-hand to your mistress, and you and your sister, poor Clarissa, are to be left to shift for yourselves——

*Bew.* Racks and torment!——

*Bell.* Racks and torment!—Seas of milk and ships of amber, man!—we are sailing to our wished for harbour, in spite of their machinations—I have settled the whole affair with Clarissa.——

*Bew.* Have you?

*Bell.* I have, and to-morrow morning makes me possessor of her charms.

*Bew.* My dear boy, give us your hand;—and then, thou dear rogue, and then Belinda's mine——(*sings*)  
*Loll-toll-toll*——

*Bell.* Well may you be in raptures, Sir; for here, here, here they both come——

*Enter Belinda, and Clarissa.*

*Bew.* Grace was in all her steps; heav'n in her eye; In every gesture, dignity and love.——

*Belin.* A poetical reception truly!—But can't your passion inspire you to a composition of your own, Mr. Beverley?

*Bew.* It inspires me with sentiments, Madam, which I can't find words to express.—Suckling, Waller, Landisdown, and all our dealers in love-verses, give but a faint image of a heart touched like mine.

*Belin.* Poor Gentleman! what a terrible taking you are in! But if the sonneteers cannot give an image of  
A; you,

you, Sir, have you had recourse to a painter, as you promised me——

*Bew.* I have, Belinda, and here,—here is the humble portrait of your adorer.

*Belin.* (*Takes the Picture.*) Well! there is a likeness—but after all, there is a better painter than this gentleman, whoever he be.

*Bew.* A better!—now she is discontented (*aside.*) where, Madam, can a better be found?—if money can purchase him——

*Belin.* Oh! Sir, when he draws for money he never succeeds—But when pure inclination prompts him, then his colouring is warm indeed—He gives a portrait that endears the original.——

*Bew.* Such an artist is worth the Indies.——

*Belin.* You need not go so far to seek him—he has done your business already—The limner I mean is a certain little blind god, called Love, and he has stamped such an impression of you here.——

*Bew.* Madam, your most obedient,—and I can tell you, that the very same gentleman has been at work for you too.——

*Bell.* (*who had been talking apart with Clarissa.*) Oh! he has a world of business upon his hands, for we two have been agreeing what havock he has made with us.

*Clar.* Yes, but we are but in a kind of fool's paradise here; all our schemes are but mere castle-building, which your father, Mr. Bellmont,—and my dear Belinda,—yours too are most obstinately determined to destroy.

*Bell.* Why as you say, they are determined that I shall have the honour of Belinda's hand in the country dance of matrimony.

*Belin.* Without considering that I may like another partner better——

*Bew.* And without considering that I, forlorn as I am, and my sister, there—who is as well inclined to a matrimonial game of romps as any girl in Christendom, must both of us sit down, and lead apes in hell, in spite of our strongest inclinations to mingle in the groupe.

*Bell.* But we have planned our own happiness, and with a little resolution we shall be successful in the end, I warrant ye.—*Clarissa*, my angel, let us take a turn this way, and leave that love-sick pair to themselves—they are only fit company for each other, and we can find where-withal to entertain ourselves.——

*Clar.* Ay! let us turn this way.——

*Belin.* What are you going to leave us, *Clarissa*?—

*Clar.* Only just sauntering into this side-walk—we sha'n't lose one another.——

*Belin.* Oh! you are such a tender couple—you are not tired I see of saying pretty soft things to each other.—Well! well!—take your own way.——

*Clar.* And if I guess right, you are glad to be left together——*Belinda*.

*Belin.* Who I?——

*Clar.* You, my dear——

*Belin.* Not I truly—let us walk together.——

*Clar.* No, no, by no means—you shall be indulged—adieu!—we shall be within call.

[*Exeunt Bellmont and Clarissa.*

*Belinda, Beverley.*

*Bew.* My sister is frankly in love with Bellmont—I wish *Belinda* would act as openly towards me.—I wish she has not a lurking inclination for Bellmont. (*Aside.*)

*Belin.* Well, Sir!—Thoughtful!—Oh! I'll call Mr. Bellmont back, if that is the case.——

*Bew.* She will call Mr. Bellmont back. (*Aside.*)

*Belin.* Well, Sir; am I to entertain you, or you me?——

*Bew.* Madam!——

*Belin.* Madam!—ha! ha! why you look as if you were frightened—are you afraid of being left alone with me?——

*Bew.* Oh! *Belinda*, you know that is the happiness of my life;—but——

*Belin.* But what, Sir?——

*Bew.* I am afraid I have done something to offend you.

*Belin.* To offend me!——

*Bew.* Yes, *Belinda*; I should have been of the party last night; I own I should; it was a sufficient inducement

ment for me that you was to be there ; it was my fault, and you I see are piqued at it. ———

*Belin.* I piqued !

*Bew.* I see you are ; and you was so last night too--- I have heard it all, and in mere resentment you directed all your discourse to Mr. Bellmont.

*Belin.* If I did, it was merely accidental.

*Bew.* No, it was deliberately done ;---forgive my rash folly in refusing the invitation---I meant no manner of harm———

*Belin.* Who imagines you did, Sir ?———

*Bew.* I beg your pardon, Belinda, you take offence too lightly——

*Belin.* Ha ! ha ! what have you taken into your head now ?---this uneasiness is of your own making—I have taken nothing ill, Sir——

*Bew.* You could not but take it ill ; but by all that's amiable about you, I meant not to incur your displeasure---forgive that abrupt answer I sent---I should have made a handsomer apology.———

*Belin.* Apology !—what occasion was there for any thing more :—you said you was pre-engaged, did not you ?

*Bew.* I said so ; I own it, and beg your pardon——

*Belin.* Beg my pardon ! for what ? ha ! ha !

*Bew.* I only meant———

*Belin.* Ha ! ha ! can you think I see any thing in your message to be offended at, Sir ?

*Bew.* Where you were concerned, I own I should have expressed myself with more delicacy, than those hasty words, I am engaged, and can't wait upon you to-night. I should have told you that my heart was with you, though necessity dragged me another way—but this omission you resented—I could learn, since, the spirits you were in the whole evening, though I enjoyed nothing in your absence—I could hear the sallies of your wit, the sprightliness of your conversation, and on whom your eyes were fixed the whole night.

*Belin.* They were fixed upon Mr. Bellmont, you think !———

*Bew.*

*Bew.* Ay! and fixed with delight upon him; seemed negotiating the business of love before the whole company.

*Belin.* Upon my word, Sir, whoever is your author, he has misinformed you; and let me tell you, you alarm me with these fancies, and you know I have often told you that you are of too refining a temper—you create for yourself imaginary misunderstandings, and then are ever entering into explanations—I assure you, Mr. Beverley, this watching for intelligence, from the spies and misrepresenters of conversation, betrays the symptoms of jealousy, and I would not be married to a jealous man for the world. —

*Bew.* Now she is seeking occasion to break off.—  
(*aside.*) Jealousy, Ma'am, can never get admillion into my breast, I am of too generous a temper; a certain delicacy I own I have; I value the opinion of my friends, and when there are circumstances of a doubtful aspect, I am glad to set things in their true light;—and surely, Belinda, if I do to with others, surely with you on whom my happiness depends to desire a favourable interpretation of my words and actions—

*Belin.* But these little humours may grow up, and gather into the fixed disease of Jealousy at last.—(*Lady Restless crosses the stage, and rings a bell at the door.*) And there now,—there goes a lady who is a victim to her own fretful imagination—

*Bew.* Who is the lady pray?

*Belin.* My lady Restless;—walk this way, and I will give you her whole character—I am not acquainted with her ladyship, but I have heard much of her—this way this way—

[*Exeunt Belinda and Beverley.*]

*Lady Restless (ringing at the door.)*

What do these servants mean?—there is something going forward here—I will be let in or I will know the reason why—(*rings again,*) but in the mean time, Sir John can let any body he pleases out at the street-door—I'll run up the steps here, and observe.

[*Exit.*  
Tattle

*Tattle opens the door, Marmalet follows her.*

*Tat.* Who rung this bell?—I don't see any body—and yet I am sure the bell rung—Well, Mrs. Marmalet, you will be going, I see. ———

*Mar.* Yes, Mrs. Tattle; I must be going; I'll run across the Park, and I shall soon get to Grosvenor-Square—when shall I see you at our house? ———

*Tat.* Oh! the Lord knows when I shall be able to get out—my lady leads us all such lives—Oh! I wish I had such another place as you have of it. ———

*Mar.* Heaven be praised! I have nothing to complain of.

*Tat.* No, that you have not: Lord! when shall I get such a gown as that you have on by my lady—She will never fling off such a thing, and give it to a poor servant.—Worry, worry, worry herself, and every body else too———

*Re-enter Lady Restless.*

*Lady Rest.* No, there is nobody stirring that way—what do I see?—a hussy coming out of my house!

*Mar.* Well, I must be gone, Mrs. Tattle—fare you well———

*Lady Rest.* She is dizen'd out too! Madam is! why did not you open the door, Tattle, when I rung? ———

*Tat.* I came as soon as possible, madam.

*Lady Rest.* Who have you with you here?—what is your business mistress? (to Marmalet.)

*Mar.* My business, ma'am?

*Lady Rest.* In confusion too!—the case is plain—you come here after Sir John, I suppose———

*Mar.* I come after Sir John, madam!

*Lady Rest.* Guilt in her face! yes, after Sir John; and Tattle, you are in the plot against me; you were favouring her escape, were you? ———

*Tat.* I favour her escape, madam! there is no occasion for that — This is Mrs. Marmalet, madam, an acquaintance of mine, madam, that is come to see me———

Lady

Lady *Rest*. Oh! very fine, mistress! you bring your creatures after the vile man, do you?—

Mar. I assure you, madam, I am a very honest girl—

Lady *Rest*. Oh! I dare say so—where did you get that gown?

Mar. La! ma'am—I came by it honestly—my lady Conquest gave it to me—I live with my lady Conquest, madam—

Lady *Rest*. What a complexion she has!—how long have you lived in London?

Mar. Three years, madam.

Lady *Rest*. In London three years with that complexion! it can't be—but perhaps she is painted—all these creatures paint—you are all so many painted dolls (*rubs her face with a white handkerchief.*) no—it does not come off---so, Mrs. Tattle, you bring your fresh country girls here to my house, do you?—

Tat. Upon my credit, ma'am-----

Lady *Rest*. Don't tell me--I see thro' this affair---Go you about your business, mistress, and let me never see you about my doors again---go---go-----

Mar. Lord, ma'am I shan't trouble your house---Mrs. Tattle, a good day---here's a deal to do, indeed---I have as good a house as her's to go to-----

[Exit.

Lady *Rest*. There, there, there;---see there;---she goes off in a huff! the way with them all---ay! I see how it is, Tattle,---you false, ungrateful---that gown was never given her by a woman---she had that from Sir John.---Where is Sir John?-----

Tat. Sir John an't at home, ma'am.

Lady *Rest*. Where is he?---where is he gone?-----when did he go out?-----

Tat. I really don't know, ma'am-----

Lady *Rest*. Tattle, I know you fib now---But I'll sift this to the bottom---I'll write to my Lady Conquest to know the truth about that girl that was here but now.

Tat. You will find I told you truth, madam.-----

Lady

*Lady Rest.* Very well, Mrs. Pert,---I'll go and write this moment,---send Robert to me to give me an account of his master---Sir John, Sir John, you will distract me----- [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Belinda and Beverley.*

*Belin.* Ay! but that quickness, and that extreme sensibility is what I am afraid of---I positively would not have a jealous husband for the world-----

*Bew.* By heaven! no earthly circumstance shall ever make me think injuriously of you---Jealousy!---ha! ha!---it is the most ridiculous passion---ha! ha!

*Belin.* You may laugh, Sir; but I know your over-refining temper too well, and I absolutely will have it in our marriage articles, that I must not be plagued with your suspicions.

*Bew.* I subscribe, ma'am-----

*Belin.* I will have no enquires where I am going to visit; no following me from place to place; and if we should chance to meet, and you should perceive a man of wit, or a pretty fellow, speaking to me, I will not have you fidgeting about on your chair, knitting your brow, and looking at your watch---“My dear, is it not time to go home?---my love, the coach is waiting!”---and then, if you are prevailed upon to stay, I will not have you converse with a “yes; Sir,” and a “no, Sir,” for the rest of the evening, and then wrangle with me in the chariot all the way home, and not be commonly civil to me for the rest of the night---I positively will have none of this-----

*Bew.* Agreed, ma'am, agreed-----

*Belin.* And then you shan't tell me you are going out of town, and then sneak in privately to the play, or to Ranelagh, merely to be a spy upon me---and I positively will admit no curiosity about my letters---if you were to open a letter of mine, I should never forgive you---I do verily believe, if you were to open my letters I should hate you.

*Bew.* I subscribe to every thing you can ask---you shall have what female friends you please; lose your money to whom you please; dance with what beau you

you please; ride out with whom you please; go to what china shop you please; and, in short, do what you please, without my attempting to bribe your footman, or your maid to—

*Belin.* Oh! lud! Oh! lud! that is in the very strain of jealousy—Heaven deliver me! there is my father yonder, and Sir William Bellmont with him—Fly—this instant, fly, Mr. Beverley, down that walk—any where—

*Bev.* You promise then—

*Belin.* Don't talk to me now—what would you be at—I am yours, and only yours; unalterably so—fly—Mr. Beverley, be gone, and leave me—

*Bev.* I obey, madam—I am gone. [Exit.

*Belin.* Now are they putting their wise heads together to thwart all my schemes of happiness—but love, imperious love, will have it otherwise—

*Enter Mr. Blandford, and Sir William.*

*Mr. Bland.* Sir William, since we have agreed upon every thing—

*Sir Will.* Why yes, Mr. Blandford, I think every thing is settled—

*Mr. Bland.* Why then we have only to acquaint the young people with our intentions and so conclude the affair—

*Sir Will.* That is all, Sir.

*Mr. Bland.* As to my girl, I don't mind her nonsense about Beverley—she must do as I will have her.

*Sir Will.* And my son too, he must follow my directions—As to his telling me of his love for Claiſſa, it is all a joke to me—Children must do as their Parents will have them—

*Mr. Bland.* Ay! ay! so they must; and so they shall—hey! here is my daughter—So Belinda!—well, my girl, Sir William and I have agreed, and so you are to prepare for Marriage, that's all—

*Belin.* Marriage with Mr. Beverley, Sir?

*Bland.* Mr. Beverley!

*Belin.* You know you encouraged him yourself, Sir—

*Bland.*

*Bland.* Well, well! I have changed my mind on that head—my friend, Sir William, here offers you his son—do as I would have you—have a care, Belinda—

*Belin.* But, Sir—

*Bland.* But, madam, I will be obeyed—You don't like him, you say—but I like him—and that's sufficient for you—

*Sir Will.* And so it is, Mr. Blandford;—if my son pretended to have a will of his own, I should let him know to the contrary—

*Belin.* And can you, Sir William, against our inclination force us both?

*Bland.* Hold your tongue, Belinda? don't provoke me—What makes you from home?—go your ways back to Queen's-Square directly, and settle your mind; for I tell you once for all I will have my own way—Come, Sir William, we will step to the lawyer's chambers.—Go home, Belinda, and be observant of my commands.—Come along, Sir William—what did you say?—you mutiny do you?—don't provoke me—You know, Belinda, I am an odd sort of a man when provoked—Look ye here—mind what I say; I won't reason with you about the matter; my power is absolute, and if you offer to rebel, you shall have no husband at all with my consent—I'll cut you off with a shilling; I'll see you starve—beg an alms—live miserable—die wretched—in short, suffer any calamity without the least compassion from me—if I should find you an undutiful girl at last—so there's one word for all—

[*Exit.*

*Belin.* What will become of me?—his inhumanity overcomes me quite—I can never consent—the very sight of this picture is enough to forbid it—Oh! Beverley—you are the master of my heart—I'll go this instant—and—heavens! I can scarce move.—

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir John.* No tidings of her far or near—

*Belin.* How I tremble!—I shall fall—no help—

*Sir John.* What do I see!—a young lady in distress!

*Belin.* Oh! (*faints in his arms and drops the picture.*)

Sir

Sir *John*. She is fallen into a fit—would my servants were in the way——

*Lady Restless (at her window.)*

*Lady Rest.* Where can this barbarous man be gone to?—Ha!—under my very window!—

Sir *John*. How cold she is!—quite cold.——

*(lays his hand to her cheek.)*

*Lady Rest.* How familiar he is with her!——

Sir *John*. And yet she looks beautiful still.——

*Lady Rest.* Does she so?——

Sir *John*. Her eyes open—how lovely they look!——

*Lady Rest.* Traitor!

Sir *John*. Her cheek begins to colour—well, young lady, how fare you now?—my dear.

*Lady Rest.* My dear, too——

*Belin.* Heavens! where am I?—in a strange gentleman's arms all this time!

Sir *John*. Repose yourself there, or will you step into my house?

*Lady Rest.* No, truly, shan't she—vile man!—But I will spoil your sport—I will come down to you directly, and flash confusion in your face.——

*[Exit from above.]*

Sir *John*. Where do you live, madam?

*Belin.* In Queen's-square, Sir——

Sir *John*. I will wait upon you—trust yourself with me—you look much better now.—Lean on my arm——there, there, I will conduct you——

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Lady Restless.*

Now I'll make one among ye,——ha! fled! gone! which way!—is not that he, yonder?—no—he went into my house, I dare say, as I came down stairs.——Tattle, Tattle, Robert,—will nobody answer——

*Enter Tattle.*

*Lady Rest.* Where is Sir John?——

*Tat.* La! ma'am, how should I know?——

*Lady Rest.* Did not he go in this moment?

*Tat.* No, ma'am——

*Lady Rest.* To be sure you will say so——I'll follow him thro' the world, or I'll find him out—so, so——  
what

what is here?—this is her picture, I suppose—I will make sure of this at least—this will discover her to me, tho' she has escaped now—the cruel, false, deceitful man!

[Exit

*Tat.* Poor lady! I believe her head is turned, for my part—Well! I am determined I'll look out for another place, that's a sure thing I will.—

## A C T II.

### SCENE in Sir John's House.

*Enter Sir John and Robert.*

*Sir John.* **R**Obert, where is your lady?

*Rob.* In her own room, Sir.

*Sir John.* Any body with her?—

*Rob.* I can't say, Sir—my lady is not well—

*Sir John.* Not well! fatigued with rioting about this town, I suppose—how long has she been at home?

*Rob.* About an hour, Sir.

*Sir John.* About an hour!—very well, Robert, you may retire—(*Exit Robert.*)—now will I question her closely—so—so—so—she comes, leaning on her maid—finely dissembled!—finely dissembled!—But this pretended illness shall not shelter her from my strict enquiry—Soft a moment!—If I could overhear what passes between 'em, it might lead to the truth—I'll work by stratagem—Oh! the hypocrite! how she acts her part!—

[Exit.

*Enter Lady Restless, and Tattle.*

*Tat.* How are you now, madam?

*Lady Rest.* Somewhat better, Tattle,—reach that chair—Tattle, tell me honestly, does that girl live with Lady Conquest?

*Tat.* She does, madam, upon my veracity.

*Lady Rest.* Very well! you will be obstinate, I see, but I shall know the truth presently; I shall have

an answer from her ladyship, and then all will come out.

*Tat.* You will hear nothing, ma'am, but what I have told you already—

*Lady Rest.* Tattle, Tattle, I took you up in the country in hopes gratitude would make you my friend—but you are as bad as the rest of them—conceal all you know, do;—it is of very little consequence—I now see through the whole affair—though it is the picture of a man—yet I am not to be deceived—I understand it all.—This is some former gallant—the creature gave this to Sir John, as a proof that she had no affection for any but himself.—What art he must have had to induce her to this!—I have found him out at last.—

*Sir John (peeping in)*

*Sir John.* What does she say?

*Lady Rest.* I have seen enough to convince me what a man he is—the fate of us poor women is hard—we all wish for husbands, and they are to be the torments of our lives—

*Tat.* There is too much truth in what you say ma'am.

*Sir John.* You join her, do you, Mrs. Iniquity?

*Lady Rest.* What a pity it is, Tattle, that poor women should be under severer restraints than the men are!

*Sir John.* You repine for want of freedom, do you?

*Lady Rest.* Cruel laws of wedlock!—the tyrant-husband may triumph in his infidelity, may securely trample upon all laws of decency and order, and it redounds to his credit—gives him a fashionable air of vice, while a poor woman is obliged to submit to his cruelty———and remains tied to him for life———even though she has reason to entertain a mortal hatred for him.

*Sir John.* Oh! very well argued, madam!

*Lady Rest.* What a pity it is, Tattie, that we cannot change our husbands, as we do our ear-rings or our gloves!

*Sir John.* There is a woman of spirit!

*Lady*

*Lady Rest.* Tattle! will you own the truth to me about that girl?—

*Tat.* I really have told you the truth, madam.

*Lady Rest.* You won't discover, I see—very well!—you may go down stairs—

*Tat.* I assure your ladyship—

*Lady Rest.* Go down stairs—

*Tat.* Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Would I had never seen my Husband's face!

*Sir John.* I am even with you—I have as good wishes for you, I assure you.

*Lady Rest.* This picture here—Oh the base man!

*Sir John.* The picture of her gallant, I suppose.—

*Lady Rest.* This is really a handsome picture—what a charming countenance!—It is perfumed I fancy—the scent is agreeable—

*Sir John.* Oh! the jade, how eagerly she kisses it!—

*Lady Rest.* Why had not I such a dear, dear man, instead of the brute, the monster—

*Sir John.* Monster!—She does not mince the matter, but speaks plain downright English—I must contain my rage, and steal upon her meditations—so—so—so—

[*Enter on tiptoe.*

*Lady Rest.* There is no falsehood in this look.

*Sir John.* (*Looking over her shoulder*) Oh! what a handsome dog she has chosen for herself!

*Lady Rest.* With you I could be for ever happy—

*Sir John.* You could, could you? (*Snatches the picture.*

*Lady Rest.* (*Screams out*) Mercy on me!—Oh! is it you, Sir?—

*Sir John.* Now, madam, now false one, have I caught you?

*Lady Rest.* You are come home at last, I find, Sir.

*Sir John.* My lady Restless, my lady Restless, what can you say for yourself now?—

*Lady Rest.* What can I say for myself, Sir John!

*Sir John.* Ay! madam! this picture—

*Lady Rest.* Yes, Sir, that picture—

*Sir John.* Will be an evidence—

*Lady Rest.* Of your shame, Sir John.

Sir

Sir *John*. Of my shame!—'tis very true what she says;—yes, madam, it will be an evidence of my shame; I feel that but too sensibly;—but—

Lady *Rest*. You own it then, do you? —

Sir *John*. Own it! I must own it, madam; though confusion cover me, I must own it;—it is what you have deserved at my hands—

Lady *Rest*. I deserve it, Sir John!—but find excuses if you will—cruel, cruel man!—to make me this return at last—I cannot bear it—Oh! oh! (*Cries.*)

Sir *John*. Oh! you may weep; but your tears are lost; they will fall without effect—I now renounce you for ever—this picture will justify me to the wide world, it will shew what a base woman you have been.

Lady *Rest*. What does the man mean?

Sir *John*. The picture of your gallant, madam!—the darling of your amorous hours—who gratifies your luxurious appetites abroad, and—

Lady *Rest*. Scurrilous wretch! Oh! Sir, you are at your old stratagem I find,—recrimination, you think, will serve your turn.—

Sir *John*. It is a pity you know, madam, that a woman should be tied to a man for life, even though she has a mortal hatred for him —

Lady *Rest*. Artful hypocrite!

Sir *John*. That she can't change her husband as she does her ear-rings or her gloves.—

Lady *Rest*. Po! Sir John, this is your old device, this won't avail you.

Sir *John*. Had the original of this fallen to your lot, you could kiss the picture for ever.

Lady *Rest*. Oh! Sir John—

Sir *John*. You can gloat upon it, madam, glue your very lips to it—

Lady *Rest*. Shallow artifice!

Sir *John*. With him you could be for ever happy.—

Lady *Rest*. This is all in vain, Sir John.

Sir *John*. Had such a dear, dear man fallen to your lot, instead of the brute, the monster—Am I a monster?—I am,—and you have made me so—the world shall know your infamy.

Lady

*Lady Rest.* Oh! brave it out, Sir, brave it out to the last, harmless, innocent man!—you have nothing to blush for, nothing to be ashamed of—you have no intrigues, no private amours abroad—I have not seen any thing, not I—

*Sir John.* Madam, I have seen, and I now see your paramour.—

*Lady Rest.* Oh! that air of confidence will be of great use to you, Sir,—for you have no convenient to meet you under my very window, to loll softly in your arms.—

*Sir John.* Hey! how! —

*Lady Rest.* Her arm thrown carelessly round your neck—your hand tenderly applied to her cheek.

*Sir John.* S'death! that's unlucky—she will turn it against me. (*aside*)

*Lady Rest.* Oh! you are in confusion, are you, Sir?—but why should you? you meant no harm----“ You are safe with me my dear---will you step into my ‘house, my love?’”---yes, Sir, you would fain bring her into my very house----

*Sir John.* My lady Restless, this evasion is mean and paultry---you beheld a young lady in distress.

*Lady Rest.* Oh! I know it, Sir,---and you tender-hearted man, could carefs her out of meer compassion;---gaze wantonly on her out of charity, and, out of pure benevolence of disposition, convey her to some convenient dwelling---Oh! Sir John, Sir John---

*Sir John.* Madam, this well-acted passion---

*Lady Rest.* Don't imagine she has elcaped me, Sir.

*Sir John.* Oh! you may talk and rave, ma'am; but depend upon it, I shall spare no pains to do myself justice on this occasion---nor will I rest till---

*Lady Rest.* Oh! fie upon you, Sir John; these artifices---

*Sir John.* Nor will I rest, madam, until I have found by means of this instrument here in my hand, who your darling is. I will go about straight----ungrateful, treacherous woman!

[*Exit.*

Lady

*Lady Rest.* Yes, go now, under that pretext, in pursuit of your licentious pleasures---This ever has been his scheme to cloak his wicked practices---abandoned man!---To face me down too, after what my eyes so plainly beheld-- I wish I could wring that secret out of Tattle---I'll step to my own room directly, and try by menaces, by wheedling, by fair means, by foul means, by every means, to wrest it from her.

[Exit.

*Scene changes to the Park.*

*Enter Sir John, and Robert after him.*

*Sir John* Come hither, Robert---look at this picture---

*Rob.* Yes, Sir---

*Sir John.* Let me watch his countenance---well! well!---dost thou know it, Robert?---

*Rob.* 'Tis a mighty handsome picture, Sir---

*Sir John.* A handsome picture!---(*Aside.*)

*Rob.* The finest lady in the land need not desire a handsomer man, Sir---

*Sir John.* How well he knows the purposes of it!---well! well! honest Robert tell me,---well---who is it?---tell me---

*Rob.* Sir!---

*Sir John.* You know whose picture that is---I know you do---well! well! who---who---who is it?

*Rob.* Upon my word, Sir, I don't know---

*Sir John.* Not know!---but I am convinced you know---so own the truth---don't be a villain---don't---

*Rob.* As I am an honest man, Sir---

*Sir John.* Be an honest man then, and tell me---did you never see such a smooth-faced, fiery eyed, warm complexioned, taper young fellow here about my house?

*Rob.* Never, Sir.

*Sir John.* Not with my wife!---to drink chocolate of a morning, tea of an evening---come, honest Robert---I'll give you a lease of a good farm---come, what say you?---a lease for your life---well! well!---you may take your wife's life into the bargain---well!---

*Rob.* Believe me, Sir John, I never saw---

26 ALL IN THE WRONG.

Sir *John*. I'll add your child's life—come speak out—your own life, your wife's life, and your child's—now! now! a lease of three lives you have—now, Robert!

*Rob*. As I hope for mercy I never saw any such person.

Sir *John*. Robert, Robert, you are bribed by my wife.

*Rob*. No, as I am a sinner, Sir.——

Sir *John*. And the worst of sinners you will be, if you are a confederate in this plot against my peace and honour.—Reflect on that, Robert.

*Enter a Footman.*

*Foot*. Pray does not Sir John Restless live somewhere hereabout?

Sir *John*. He does, friend; what is your business with him?

*Foot*. My business is with his lady.

Sir *John*. I guessed as much. (*Aside.*)

*Foot*. I have a letter here for my lady Restless, Sir—

Sir *John*. A letter for my lady!—from whom pray?

*Foot*. From my lord Conquest.

Sir *John*. My lord Conquest! very well, friend—you may give the letter to me—I am Sir John Restless—that there is my house—let me have the letter—I will take care of it.

*Foot*. I was ordered to deliver it into my lady's own hand.

Sir *John*. The devil you was—I must have the letter—I'll buy it of the rascal—(*aside.*)—here take this for your trouble, friend, (*gives him money.*) and I'll take care of the letter.

*Foot*. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*]

Sir *John*. Now—now—now—let me see what this is—now my lady Restless—now false one, now—(*reads.*)

“ Madam,

“ My lady Conquest being gone into the country  
“ for a few days, I have judged it proper to send a  
“ speedy answer to yours, and to assure you, for your  
“ peace of mind, that you need not entertain the least  
“ suspicion of Marmalet, my lady's woman. She has  
“ lived some years in our family, and I know her by  
“ experience

“ experience to be an honest trusty girl, and one that  
 “ would not make mischief between your ladyship and  
 “ Sir John.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Madam, your very humble servant,

“ CONQUEST.”

So ! so ! so !—Marmalet is a trusty girl !—one that will not make mischief between man and wife !—that is to say, now that she will discover nothing against my lady Restless !—for her peace of mind he lets madam know all this too !—she may go on boldly now ; for my lady Conquest is gone into the country, Marmalet is trusty, and my lord has given her the most speedy notice—Very well ! very well !—proofs thicken upon proofs—Shall I go directly and challenge his lordship ?—no—no—that won’t do—watch him closely, that will do better—If I could have a word in private with the maid—Robert—Robert—come hither—step to my lord Conquest’s—but with caution proceed—enquire there for Marmalet, the maid.

*Rob.* I know her, Sir.

*Sir John.* He knows her——

(*aside*)

*Rob.* She visits our Tattle, Sir.

*Sir John.* Visits our Tattle !—it is a plain case——(*aside*)—Enquire for that girl—but with caution, tho’—and tell her to meet me privately—unknown to any body—in the dusk of the evening—down in the Bird-Cage walk, yonder.

*Rob.* I will, Sir.

*Sir John.* And don’t let Tattle see her—Tattle has engaged her in her mistress’s interest—I see how it is—don’t let any of my servants see her—go directly, Robert. Now shall I judge what regard you have for me—But, hark ye, Robert !—Come hither ! a word with you—should it be known that this girl converses with me—should my lady have the least item of it, they are then upon their guard—you must be cautious, therefore—let her come wrapped up in darkness—concealed from every observer with a mask on——

*Rob.* A mask, Sir John——won’t that make her be remark’d the more ?



*Sir John.* No, no, let her come masked; I will make every thing sure—Robert, bring this about for me, and I am your friend for ever——

*Rob.* I will do my endeavour, Sir. [Exit.

*Sir John.* I'll now take a turn round the park, and try if I can find the minion this picture belongs to—

[Exit.

*Enter Beverley and Bellmont.*

*Bew.* Yes, they had almost surpris'd us—but at sight of her father, Belinda gave me the word, and away I darted down towards the canal, yonder—

*Bel.* Was Sir William with him then? ——

*Bew.* Yes; they had been plotting our destruction together——— But we shall out-officer them, it is to be hoped, my boy.

*Bel.* Yes, and it is also to be feared that we shall not.

*Bew.* Hey! you alarm me—no new mine sprung.

*Bel.* No, nothing new; but the old story—the old folks are determined;—at the turning of yonder corner they came both full tilt upon Clarissa, and me—

*Bew.* Well, and how! what passed? ——

*Bel.* Why they were scarcely civil to your sister. Sir William fixed his surley eye upon me for a time, then calling me to him, Sir, says he, you will run counter to my will, I see—— you will be ever dangling after that girl—— But, Mr. Blandford and I have agreed upon the match,——and then he peremptorily commanded me to take my leave of her that moment.

*Bew.* And did you so?

*Bel.* And did you so? how can you ask such a question? Sir, says I, I must see the lady home, and so off I marched, arm in arm, with her, my father bawling after me, and I bowing to him, “Sir, your humble servant, I wish you a good morning, Sir.”—— He continued calling out—— I kissed my hand to him, —— and so we made our escape.

*Bew.* And where have you left her?

*Bel.* At home; at your house.

*Bew.*

*Bew.* Well! and do you both continue in the same mind; is to-morrow to be your wedding-day? —

*Bel.* Now are you conjuring up a thousand horrid fancies to torment yourself with---But don't be alarmed, my dear Beverley---I shall leave you your Belinda, and content myself with the honour of being your brother-in-law.

*Bew.* Sir, the honour will be to me--But uneasy!--ha! ha!--no---no---I am not uneasy, nor shall I ever be so again —

*Bel.* I wish you would keep that resolution---where do you dine?

*Bew.* Will you dine with me? —

*Bel.* I can't; 'tis club day —

*Bew.* Faith, so it is---I'll attend you —

*Bel.* That's right; let us turn towards the Mall, and saunter there till dinner—

*Bew.* No, I can't go that way yet---I must enquire how Belinda does, and what her father said to her; for I have not seen her since we parted in the morning.

*Bel.* And now, according to custom, you will make her an apology for leaving her, when there was an absolute necessity for it, and you'll fall to an explanation of circumstances that require no explanation at all, and refine upon things, and—

*Bew.* Nay, if you begin with your raillery, I am off —you servant---a l'honneur--- [Exit.

*Bellmont alone.*

Poor Beverley! Tho' a handsome fellow, and of agreeable talents, he has such a strange diffidence in himself, and such a solicitude to please, that he is every moment of his life most ingeniously elaborating his own uneasiness.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir John.* Not yet, not yet; nobody like it as yet ---ha!--who is that hovering about my house?---if that should be he now!--I'll examine him nearer----Pray, Sir-----what the devil shall I say?-----Pray, Sir-----

*Bel.* Sir!

Sir *John*. I beg pardon for troubling you, Sir---but pray what o'clock is it by your watch?

*Bel*. By my watch, Sir!---I'll let you know in a moment---

Sir *John*. Let me examine him now---(*looks at him, and then at the picture.*)

*Bel*. Egad, I am afraid my watch is not right---it must be later--- (*looking at his watch.*)

Sir *John*. It is not like him--(*comparing them both.*)

*Bel*. It does not go, I am afraid---(*puts it to his ear.*)

Sir *John*. The eye---no!

*Bel*. Why, Sir, by my watch it wants a quarter of three.

Sir *John*. It is not he---and yet---no---no---no---I am still to seek---

*Enter Beverley.*

*Bev*. Hip! Bellmont-----well overtaken-----a word with you----

Sir *John*. Here comes another ;---they are all swarming about my house---

*Bev*. I have seen her ; I have seen Belinda, my boy---she will be with Clarissa in the Park immediately after dinner, you rogue.

Sir *John*. I want to see his face ; this may be the original.

*Bev*. Her father has been rating her in his usual manner ; but your marriage with my sister will settle every thing.

Sir *John*. I'll walk round him (*sings.*) Loll toll loll---(*looks at him*)---ha! it has his air----(*sings.*) Loll toll loll,----and it has his eye----Loll toll loll---- (*walks to and fro*)

*Bev*. Prithee, Bellmont, don't be such a danging lover, but consummate at once, prithee do, for the sake of your friends.

Sir *John*. It has his nose for all the world.

*Bell*. I'll tell you what, Beverley, do you spirit your sister up to keep her resolution, and to-morrow puts you out of all pain---

Sir *John*.---Loll toll loll---it has his complexion----the same glowing, hot, amorous complexion---(*sings and*

*Bev*. Who is this gentleman walking here? *looks uneasy*)  
*Bel*.

*Bel.* Faith, I don't know---an odd fellow he seems to be---

*Sir John.* Loll toll loll---it has his shoulders---Loll toll loll---ay, and I fancy the mole upon the cheek too---I wish I could view him nearer---Loll toll loll---

*Bew.* The man seems mad, I think.

*Sir John.* Begging your pardon, Sir---Pray (*looking at him and the picture*)---Pray, Sir, can you tell whether we shall have a Spanish war?

*Bew.* Not I, truly; did you ever see such an odd fellow, Belmont?---

*Bel.* He has been talking to me too: he is too well dressed for a poet.

*Bew.* Not if he had a good subscription.

*Sir John.* He has the mole sure enough---

*Bew.* Let us step this way---I have more to say to you---

*Sir John.* Ay! he wants to sneak off---Guilt! guilt! conscious guilt!---I'll make sure of him tho'---pray, Sir,---I beg your pardon---is not your name Wildair?

*Bew.* No, Sir, Beverley, at your service.

*Sir John.* Have you no relation of that name?

*Bew.* None.

*Sir John.* You are very like a gentleman of that name---a friend of mine, whose picture I have here---will you give me leave just to---(*compares him with the*

*Bew.* an odd adventure this, Belmont. (*picture.*)

*Bel.* Very odd, indeed.

*Bew.* Do you find any likeness, Sir?

*Sir John.* Your head a little more that way, if you please---ay! ay! it is he---'tis a plain case; this is my man, or rather,-- this is my wife's man---

*Bew.* Did you ever know any thing like this?--ha! ha!

*Bel.* Never, ha! ha! ha!--

*Sir John.* They are both laughing at me---ay! and I shall be laughed at by the whole town, pointed at, hooted at, and gazed at---

*Bew.* What do I see?---s'death, the setting of that picture is like what I gave Belinda.---Zoons! if it is the same---

(*drawing near him*)

*Sir John.* He makes his approach,—and means, I suppose, to snatch it out of my hand.—But I'll be before-hand with him,—and so into my pocket it goes—There, lie safe there——

*Bev.* Zoons ! he puts it up in a hurry——will you be so good, Sir, to favour me with a ——

*Sir John.* Sir, I wish you a good day——

*Bev.* With a sight of that picture for a moment——

*Sir John.* The picture, Sir—Po !—a mere daub——

*Bev.* Mere curiosity, Sir——

*Sir John.* It is not worth your seeing—I wish you a good day.

*Bev.* I should take it as a favour——

*Sir John.* A paltry thing—I have not a moment to spare—my family waiting dinner—Sir, I wish you a good morning—— *[runs into his house.]*

*Bev.* Death and fire ! Bellmont, my picture——

*Bel.* Oh ! no—no such thing——

*Bev.* But I am sure of it——if Belinda——

*Bel.* What, relapsing into uneasiness and suspicion again !

*Bev.* Sir, I have reason to be uneasy—the flights me, disdains me——treats me with contempt——

*Bel.* But I tell you, that unhappy temper of yours—Prishee, man, leave teasing yourself, and let us adjourn to dinner——

*Bev.* No, Sir ; I shan't dine at all—I am not well——

*Bel.* Ridiculous ! how can you be so absurd ?—I'll bett you twenty pounds that is not your picture——

*Bev.* Done ; I take it——

*Bel.* With all my heart ; and I'll tell you what, if it be yours, I will give you leave to be as jealous of her as you please—come, now let us to dinner——

*Bev.* I attend you—in the evening we shall know the truth——if it be that I gave Belinda—she is false, and I am miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

*Sir John, (peeping after them.)*

There he goes—there he goes—the destroyer of my peace and happiness !—I'll follow him, and make sure that

that he has given me his name rightly—and then, my Lady Rattlefs, I have done with you for ever.

---

A C T III.

*The former SCENE continues.*

*Enter Belinda and Clariffa.*

*Belin.* BUT have you really fixed every thing, Clariffa?

*Cla.* Positively, and to-morrow morning makes me his.

*Belin.* To-morrow morning!

*Cla.* Yes, to-morrow morning I releafe Mr. Belmont from his fetters, and resign my person to him.

*Belin.* Why, that is what ail we poor women, after all the victories of our charms, all the triumphs of our beauty, and all the murders of our eyes, muft come to at laft.

*Cla.* Well, and in that we but imitate the men. Don't we read of them conquering whole kingdoms, and then submitting at laft to be governed by the vanquifhed.

*Belin.* Very true, Clariffa; and upon my word I think you are a heroine equal in fame to any of them; nay fuperior, for your fchemes, I take it, is not to unpeople the world——

*Cla.* Prithee, Belinda, don't talk fo wildly; for, to tell you the truth, now that I have fettled the affair, I begin to be alarmed at what I have done.——

*Belin.* Oh! dear, dear affectation!——

*Cla.* Actually now, pofitively, I am terrified to death.

*Belin.* Ha! ha!—to be fure—our fex muft play its tricks, and fummon up all its fantaftic train of doubts and fears—but courage, my dear, don't be frightened, for the fame fex within that heart of yours will urge

you on, and never let you be at rest, till you have procured yourself a tyrant for life.

*Cla.* A tyrant, Belinda! I think more generously of Mr. Bellmont, than to imagine he will usurp to himself an ill use of his power—

*Belin.* To deal candidly with you, I am of your opinion—but, tell me now, a'n't I a very good girl, to resign such a man to you?—

*Cla.* Why, indeed, I must confess the obligation.

*Belin.* Ay! but to resign him for one, whose temper does not promise I shall live under so mild a government.

*Cla.* How do you mean?—

*Belin.* Why, Mr. Beverley's strange caprices, suspicions, and unaccountable whimsies, are enough to alarm one upon the brink of matrimony.

*Cla.* Well, I vow I can't help thinking, Belinda, that you are a little subject to vain surmises and suspicions yourself.

*Belin.* Come now, you are an insincere girl; you know I am of a temper too generous, too open.—

*Cla.* I grant all that, but by this constant repetition of the same doubts, I should not wonder to see you most heartily jealous of him—

*Belin.* Jealous!—oh heavens!—jealous indeed!—

*Cla.* Well, I say no more; and as to my brother, here he comes, and let him speak for himself.

*Enter Beverley and Bellmont.*

*Bel.* Well, upon my soul, Beverley, you make me laugh at you—but come, there's an end of that matter—Ladies, your most obedient—I hope we have not transgressed our time—

*Belin.* Not in the least; you are both very exact—true as the dial to the sun—

*Bew.* (in a peevish manner.) Although it be not shone upon.

*Belin.* Although it be not shone upon, Mr. Beverley!—why with that dejected air, pray, Sir?

*Bel.* Oh! lord! you two are going to commence wrangling lovers again—a-propos, Belinda—now, Beverley,

ley, you shall see—he so good ma'am, as to let me see this gentleman's picture—

*Belin.* His picture! what can you want it for?—you shall have it—(*searching her pocket.*)

*Bel.* Now, Beverley, do you confess how wrong you have been?

*Bev.* Why faith I begin to think I was wrong—say not a word to her—she'll never forgive me else. (*Apart.*)

*Belin.* It is not in that pocket—it must be here—(*searches the other*)

*Bel.* You have been in sad company, on account of this strange suspicion.

*Bev.* I own it; let it drop; say no more—

(*aside*)

*Belin.* Well! I protest and vow—what can become of it? come, gentlemen, this is some trick of yours—you have it among ye—Mr. Bellmont, Mr. Beverley—pray return it—

*Bev.* No, ma'am, it is no trick of ours—(*angrily.*)

*Belin.* As I live and breathe I have not got it—

*Bev.* What think you now, Bellmont?

*Bel.* She'll find it presently, man; don't shew your humours, be upon your guard; you'll undo yourself else—Clarissa, shall you and I faunter down this walk?—

*Cla.* My brother seems out of humour,—what's the matter?

*Bel.* I'll tell you presently—let us step this way.  
[*Exeunt.*]

Belinda, Beverley.

*Belin.* Well, I declare upon my honour I don't know what is come of this odious picture—

*Bev.* This odious picture!—Oh! Belinda—

*Belin.* You may look grave, Sir, but I have it not.—

*Bev.* I know you have not, ma'am; and don't imagine—

*Belin.* Imagine! what do you mean?—imagine what?

*Bev.* Don't imagine that I am to be led blindfold as you please.

*Belin.*

*Belin.* Oh! heavens! with what gravity that was said!

*Bew.* I am not to be deceived; I can see all around me----

• *Belin.* You can?

*Bew.* I can, madam.

*Belin.* Well, and how do you like your prospect?---

*Bew.* Oh! you begin to banter---but that picture I have seen this day in the hands of another---the gentleman to whom you gave it----

*Belin.* To whom I gave it!---have a care, Sir; this is another symptom of your jealous temper.

*Bew.* But I tell you, madam, I saw it in his hand.

*Belin.* Who is the gentleman?---what's his name?

*Bew.* That I can't say---I----

*Belin.* Well, upon my word you are making yourself very ridiculous in this matter---ha! ha!---

*Bew.* You may laugh, madam, but it is no laughing matter, I assure you---

*Belin.* Oh! brave----follow your own notions----I gave it away---I have scorned your present---ha! ha!---poor Mr. Beverley! --

*Bew.* I don't doubt you, ma'am, I believe you did give it away.

*Belin.* Mighty well, Sir,---think so if you please---I shall leave you to your own imagination---it will find wherewithall to entertain you---ha! ha! your servant, Sir,---yonder I see Clarissa and Mr. Bellmont--I will join them this instant---your servant, Sir,---amuse yourself with your own fancies---ha! ha! [Exit.

*Beverley, alone.*

Damnation!---I can't tell what to make of this---She carries it off with an air of confidence; and yet if that be my picture, which I saw this morning, then it is plain I am only laught at by her-----

*Enter Belinda, Clarissa, and Bellmont.*

*Belin.* Observe him now---let us walk by him without taking any notice of him-----and so---let us talk of any thing rather than be silent---what a charming evening!

*Cl.*

*Cla.* And how gay the park looks!—mind the gentleman!-----

*Belin.* Take no notice! I beg you won't---Suppose we were to shew ourselves in the Mall, Clarissa, and walk our charms there, as the French express it!—

*Bel.* Ha! ha!—Beverley!—what fixed in contemplation!

*Bew.* Sir, I beg-----I chuse to be alone, Sir-----

*Bel.*

*Belin.* } Ha! ha! ha!

*Cla.*

*Bew.* Pshaw! foolish!—

*Belin.* Oh! for heaven's sake-----let us indulge the gentleman-----let us leave him to himself, and his ill-humours-----this way-----this way-----you shall go home and have your tea with me-----Mr. Beverley (*she kisses her hand to him at some distance, and laughs at him.*) your servant, Sir—I wish you a good evening  
---your servant, Sir -----

*Beverley, alone.*

Zoons! I can't bear all this—if she has parted with the picture-----if she has given it away---but she may only have lent it, or she may have lost it-----but even that, even that is an injury to me—why should she not be more careful of it?—I will know the bottom of it—that's the house the gentleman went into—I'll wait on him directly-----but they are watching me---I'll walk off another way, to elude their observation---ay! ay! you may laugh, ma'am, but I shall find you out.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment at Sir John's*

*Enter Lady Restless, meeting Robert.*

*Lady Rest.* Where are you going, Sir?

*Rob.* To my master's room, madam, to leave these cloaths there.

*Lady Rest.* Stay, Sir;---stay a moment (*searches the pockets*)---Where are his letters?

*Rob.* Letters, my lady!—I know of no letters—I never touch his pockets.

*Lady*

*Lady Rest.* I guessed you would say so-----you are Sir John's agent-----the conductor of his schemes.

*Rob.* I, madam !

*Lady Rest.* You, Sir,---you are his secretary for love affairs.

*Rob.* I collect his rents, my lady, and-----

*Lady Rest.* Oh ! Sir, I am not to be deceived-----I know you for my enemy -----

*Rob.* Enemy, ma'am !---I am sure, as far as a poor servant dare, I am a friend to both -----

*Lady Rest.* Then tell me honestly, have not you conveyed his letters out of my way ?

*Rob.* Indeed, madam, not I -----

*Lady Rest.* Then he has done it himself---artful man !  
---I never can find a line after him---where did you go for him this morning ?

*Rob.* This morning !

*Lady Rest.* Ay ! this morning---I know he sent you somewhere---Where was it ?-----

*Rob.* Upon my word, my lady-----

*Lady Rest.* Very well, Sir---I see how it is---you are all bent against me---I shall never be at rest till every servant in this house is of my own chusing.---Is Tattle come home yet ?

*Rob.* No, madam.

*Lady Rest.* Where can she be gadding about ? Hark !  
---I hear a rap at the door---this is Sir John, I suppose  
-----stay, let me listen-----I don't know that voice  
---who can it be---some of his libertine company, I suppose.-----

*Rob.* My lady, if you will believe me-----

*Lady Rest.* Hold your tongue, man-----let me hear-----

*Rob.* Indeed, madam-----

*Lady Rest.* Hold your tongue, I say !-----won't you hold your tongue ?---go about your business, Sir, go about your business---What does he say ? (*listening*) I can't hear a word---Who's below there ?

*Enter Tattle, with a Capuchin on.*

*Lady Rest.* So Mrs. Tattle-----who is that at the door ?-----

*Tat.*

*Tat.* A gentleman, madam, speaking to William.—

*Lady Rest.* And where have you been, mistress?-----  
How dare you go out without my leave—

*Tat.* Dear, my lady, don't be angry with me—I was so terrified about what happened in the morning; and your ladyship was in such a perilous taking about it, that I went to desire Mrs. Marmalet would justify herself and me-----

*Lady Rest.* Oh! very well, Mrs. Busy-Body—you have been there, have you?—You have been to frame a story among yourselves, have you, and to hinder me from discovering?—But I'll go to my Lady Conquest myself—I have had no answer to my letter, and 'tis you have occasioned it-----

*Tat.* Dear, my lady, if you will but give me leave--- I have been doing you the greatest piece of service-----I believe, in my conscience, there is something in what you suspect about Sir John-----

*Lady Rest.* Do you?---why?---how?-----

*Tat.* I have seen Mrs. Marmalet, and I have made such a discovery-----

*Lady Rest.* Have you, Tattle?---what?---speak--- tell me---what it is?

*Tat.* Robert has been there, madam, with a message from Sir John, who wants to see her in the evening; and he has desired-----

*Lady Rest.* Blessings on you, Tattle---well---go on--- tell me all-----

*Enter a Servant.*

*Lady Rest.* What do you want, Sir?---who called you?---go about your business-----

*Serv.* Madam, there is a gentleman wants to speak with Sir John about a picture-----

*Lady Rest.* I had forgot me---it was he rapped at the door, I suppose-----

*Serv.* Yes, madam!

*Lady Rest.* About a picture! this may lead to some further discovery---desire the gentleman to step up stairs---  
(*Exit Servant.*)---and so, Tattle, Robert has been there---

*Tat.* Yes, ma'am-----

*Lady Rest.* And Sir John wants to speak with Marmalet in the evening, and has desired---Oh! the base man!

40 *ALL IN THE WRONG.*

man!---what has he desired?---now he is discovered---  
what has he desired?

*Tat.* He has desired, ma'am--- the poor girl does not know what to make of it---She is very sober and discreet, I assure you, ma'am---he has desired, ma'am, in the dusk of the evening, that Mrs. Marmalet will come and-----

*Lady Rest.* How unlucky this is?---the gentleman is coming---I have a mind not to see him--- and yet I will too---Tattle, do you step to my room; as soon as he goes, I will come to you, and hear all in private.---  
(*Exit Tattle.*) In the dusk of the evening he desires to see her---abandoned wretch!-----

*Enter Beverley.*

*Bew.* Madam-----

(*bows.*

*Lady Rest.* Sir.

(*curtesies.*

*Bew.* I wanted a word with Sir John Restlets, madam.

*Lady Rest.* About a picture, the servant tells me, Sir.

*Bew.* Yes, madam, a picture I had given to a lady; and however insignificant in itself, it is to me of the highest consequence, as it may conduce to the explanation of an affair, in which the happiness of my life is concerned.

*Lady Rest.* The lady is young?

*Bew.* She is.

*Lady Rest.* And handsome?

*Bew.* In the highest degree; my heart is devoted to her; and I have reason to suspect, that a present from me is not of so much value as I could wish---To be plain, ma'am I imagine she has given the picture away

*Lady Rest.* Look-ye there now!---my suspicions are just.

*Bew.* Your suspicions, madam!---did you suspect it was given to Sir John Restlets?-----

*Lady Rest.* What I know of the matter shall be no secret to you---Pray, Sir, have you spoke to the lady on this head?

*Bew.* I have, but she knows nothing of the matter; she has lost it,---she has mislaid it,---she can give no account of it,-----

*Lady Rest.* She has given it to Sir John, Sir.

*Bew.* Given it to him?---

*Lady*

*Lady Rest.* Given it to him, Sir.

*Bev.* Then I have no further doubt.

*Lady Rest.* Of what?

*Bev.* Madam, I would not hurt your peace of mind ;  
I would not give you impressions of Sir John, that  
may-----

*Lady Rest.* Oh ! Sir, stand upon no ceremony with  
him ; an injurious, false, licentious man !

*Bev.* Is that his character ?

*Lady Rest.* Notoriously : he has made me miserable ;  
false to his marriage vows, and warm in the pursuit of  
his pleasures abroad !---I have not deserved it of him.  
Oh ! Sir John ; Sir John ! Oh ! (*cries.*

*Bev.* She weeps ; the case is plain, and I am un-  
done-----

*Lady Rest.* Pray, Sir, what is the lady's name ?

*Bev.* Belinda Blandford.

*Lady Rest.* Belinda Blandford : I thank you, Sir.

*Bev.* Pray, Madam, have you ever seen her ?

*Lady Rest.* Seen her, Sir!---yes, I have seen too  
much of her.

*Bev.* You alarm me, madam---you have seen nothing  
unhandsome, I hope.

*Lady Rest.* I don't know what you call unhandsome,  
Sir. But, pray, what ought one to think of a young lady  
thrown familiarly into a gentleman's arms ?

*Bev.* In his arms, madam!---Sir John's arms !

*Lady Rest.* In Sir John's!---in open day ;---in the  
Park ;---under my very window ;-----most familiarly,  
wantonly reclining in his very arms.

*Bev.* Oh ! heavens !

*Lady Rest.* He clasping her with equal freedom round  
the waist.

*Bev.* False, false Belinda !

*Lady Rest.* Both interchanging fond mutual glan-  
ces-----

*Bev.* Oh ! madam, the whole is come to light, and  
I thank you for the discovery, tho' I am ruined by it.  
But give me leave---is all this certain ?

Lady

*Lady Rest.* There can be no doubt, Sir, these eyes beheld their amorous meeting.

*Bew.* Saw it yourself?

*Lady Rest.* Yes, all, all, Sir---Sir John, I know, is capable of any thing, and you know what to think of Belinda, as you call her

*Bew.* Oh! madam, I have long had reason to suspect.

*Lady Rest.* You have, Sir?---then the whole affair is plain enough.

*Bew.* It is so---I meant an honourable connection with her; but-----

*Lady Rest.* But you see, Sir-----

*Bew.* Yes, I see, madam-----you are sure Sir John has this picture?

*Lady Rest.* Sure, Sir!---it is your own picture---I had it in my hands but a moment, and he flew with ardor, with impetuosity, like a fury flew to it, and recovered it from me---what could be the meaning of that, Sir?

*Bew.* The meaning is too plain.

*Lady Rest.* And then, Sir, when charged and pressed home with his guilt, most hypocritically he pretended to believe it the portrait of some favourite of mine. But you know, Sir, how that is.

*Bew.* Oh! madam, I can justify you---ha! ha! that is but a poor evasion, and confirms me the more in my opinion---and I humbly take my leave.

*Lady Rest.* Sir, I am glad you have had the good luck to speak to me about this affair; and if any other circumstances come to your knowledge, I shall take it as a favour if you will acquaint me with them---for, indeed, Sir, I am very unhappy.

*Bew.* Madam, I am in gratitude bound to you, and my best services, you shall ever command: Madam, your most obedient---Oh! Belinda! Belinda!

[Exit.

*Lady Rest.* Now, Sir John-----how will you be able to confront these stubborn facts? You are now teen thro' all your disguises---detected in your true colours.---Tattle within here, has fresh proofs against you,  
and

and your man Robert, and all of you,—I must hear that whole story directly. *[Exit.]*

Scene, *the Park.* Enter Sir John.

Yes, yes,—he told me his name honestly enough—Beverley is his name—and my lady Restless, now your gallant, your paramour, is known—What do I see?—By all my wrongs, the very man again!—coming out of my house before my face.

Beverley and Robert come out of the House.

Bev. There, friend, there is something for your trouble.

Rob. I thank your honour.

Sir John. He bribes my servant too;—and the fellow takes it——Both in their trade; both in their trade!——

Bev. Could I have suspected her of such treachery—Zoons! I take that to be Sir John Restless.

Sir John. This is he to whom I have so many obligations. *(aside)*

Bev. Well encountered, Sir—your servant, Sir—

Sir John. My servant, Sir!—I rather take it you are my lady's servant.

Bev. You, if I don't mistake, Sir John, are a pretty general servant of the ladies. Pray, Sir, have not you a picture of mine in your pocket?

Sir John. That, I suppose, you have heard from my good lady within here——

Bev. Yes, Sir, and I have heard a great deal more from my lady.

Sir John. I don't in the least doubt it.

Bev. Sir, I do not mean to work myself up into any choler about such a trifling bauble—since the lady has thought proper to give it to you.

Sir John. Do her justice, pray, she did not give it; so far she was true to you——I took it from her, Sir.

Bev. And that shews you are upon free and easy terms with her;—it is of no manner of consequence to me; I despise it, and you are welcome to make what use you will of it.—This, I will only say, that you have made me miserable.

Sir

Sir *John*. What, I have interrupted your happiness?

*Bev.* You have.

Sir *John*. And no doubt you think it cruel of me so to do.

*Bev.* Call it by what name you will,—you have ruined me with the woman I doated on to distraction.

Sir *John*. A candid declaration!—and so, Sir, you doated on her, and never reflected that you were doing me the least injury?

*Bev.* Injury!—I promise you, Sir, I will never injure you again, and so you my set your mind at peace, for I here declare, I never will hold farther intercourse with her.

Sir *John*. Oh! that is too late for me; I have now done with her myself—you are very welcome to the lady, Sir—you may take her home with you as soon as you please; I have done with her, I forswear her, and so I shall tell my lady this moment—(*going.*)

*Bev.* That will make her ladyship happy, no doubt—

Sir *John*. Yes, I dare say you know it will.

*Bev.* She told me as much, Sir.

Sir *John*. She did!—why then you may depend I shall keep my word, and my lady may depend upon it too—and that I hope, with all my heart, will make you happy, Sir.

*Bev.* It won't indeed, Sir——I resign her for ever—

Sir *John*. What, are you tired of her—

*Bev.* I loath her, detest her, hate her as much as I ever loved her.

Sir *John*. And so do I too, I assure you—and so I shall tell my lady this very instant—your servant, Sir—and, if I can find proof sufficient, you shall hear of me, I promise you, Sir —— (*aside.*)

[*Exit.*

*Bev.* Ay! she has been connected with him, till she has pall'd his very appetite.—I'll seek her this moment, upbraid her with her falsehood,-----and even

so---by heavens! I shall do it with regret---for even now I feel a tug at my heart-string---but were I to be torn piece-meal, this shall be our last interview.

*Enter Belinda, Clarissa, and Bellmont.*

*Belin.* Alas a-day! poor soul! see where he takes his melancholy walk---did not I tell you, Clarissa, that the stricken deer could not quit this p'ace?

*Cla.* And did not I tell you, Belinda, that you could not keep away from the pursuit?

*Bel.* Pray, ma'am, do you want to be in at the death, or do you mean to bring the poor thing to life again?

*Belin.* I!---what do you mean?---you bring me this way-----

*Cla.* Well! if that is the case, we had as good go home to your house, for I want my tea.

*Belin.* Po! not yet---it is not six o'clock.

*Bel.* }  
*Cla.* } Ha! ha!

*Belin.* What do ye laugh at?---

*Cla.* At you, my dear---why, 'tis past seven---Oh! Belinda, you are the stricken deer, I find-----

*Belin.* Who I?---not I truly---I-----

*Cla.* My dear Belinda, you are---and come, we will do the good natured thing by you,---and leave you to yourselves-----Success attend you-----come, Mr. Bellmont.

[*Exeunt.*]

Belinda, Beverley.

*Belin.* Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain.

*Bew.* Po! po! (*looking peevishly at her.*)

*Belin.* What, won't you know me, Sir?---

*Bew.* Yes, madam, I know you---it is but too true, that I know you---

*Belin.* Prithee, give over these humours-----what, still gloomy and discontented!-----come, come, under pain of my displeasure, brighten up this moment-----

*Bew.* Po! po!---filly, ridiculous, an idle!

*Belin.*

*Belin.* Come, come, when I proclaim a pardon, you had better embrace it, than reduce yourself to the necessity of sighing, vowing, protesting, writing to me, following me up and down, kneeling at my feet, imploring forgiveness-----

*Bew.* Madam, I shall never be brought to forgive---

*Belin.* Upon my word! ha! ha! ha!

*Bew.* Oh! you may laugh, ma'am, you have too long imposed upon my fond, easy credulity; but the witchery of your charms is over-----

*Belin.* Very well, Sir! and you are your own man again.

*Belin.* I am, madam, and you may be your own woman again, or any body's woman, or every body's---

*Belin.* You grow rude, Sir!

*Bew.* It is time to wave all ceremony, and to tell you plainly, that your falshood-----

*Belin.* My falshood, Sir!

*Bew.* Your falshood!---I know the whole affair - I loved you once, Belinda, tenderly loved you, and by heaven I swear, it is with sorrow that I can no longer adore you, and that I now bid you an everlasting farewell---(*going.*)

*Belin.* Explain, Sir---what action of my life?---

*Bew.* Your prudence forsook you at last---it was too glaring---too manifest in open day---

*Belin.* Too manifest in open day!---Mr. Beverley, I shall hate you-----

*Bew.* Oh! ma'am, all circumstances inform against you---my picture given away---

*Belin.* Insolent! provoking! wrong-headed man! I'll confirm him in his error, to torment him (*aside.*) --Well, Sir, what if I chose to give it away!--- I am mistress of my own actions, am I not?-----

*Bew.* Oh! I know that, ma'am---I know that---and I am not uneasy, ma'am-----

*Belin.* So it seems---ha! ha!---why do you sigh, poor man?

*Bew.* Sigh, madam!---I disdain it---

*Belin.* I am glad of it; now that is so manly! but pray watch yourself well, hold a guard upon all your

your passions, otherwise they will make a fool of you again——

*Bev.* And do you take care you don't expose yourself again—lolling familiarly in a gentleman's arms!—

*Belin.* How!

*Bev.* Here, in the Park!—in open day!——

*Belin.* What can this be?——

*Bev.* He inviting you to his house!——

*Belin.* Oh! I understand him now—when I fainted, all this was—I'll encourage his notion, to be revenged of his waspish temper (*aside.*)——Well, Sir, and what then?

*Bev.* What then?——

*Belin.* Ha! ha!—poor Mr. Beverley!—why should you be in a piteous taking, because I, in the gaiety of my heart, gave away a picture I set no value on, or walk with a gentleman I do set a value on, or lean on his arm, or make the man happy by letting him draw on my glove——

*Bev.* Or draw off your glove, madam——

*Belin.* Ay! or draw it off——

*Bev.* Yes, or—or—or take any other liberties——

*Belin.* Very true——

*Bev.* You may make light of it, madam——

*Belin.* Why yes, a generous temper always makes light of the favours it confers——

*Bev.* And some generous tempers will make light of any thing to gratify their inclinations—Madam, I have done—I abjure you—eternally abjure you——

*Belin.* Bon voyage!——

*Bev.* Don't think to see me again——

*Belin.* Adieu!—Well, what, coming again—what, lingering——

(*repeats affectedly.*)

'Thus o'er the dying lamp, th' unsteady flame  
Hangs quivering to a point.—&c.

*Bev.* With what an air she carries it—I have but this one thing more to tell you—by heaven I loved you——to excess I loved you——such is my weakness, I shall never quite forget you—I shall be glad, if hereafter I hear of your happiness, and, if I can, no dishonour shall fall on you——

*Belin.*

*Belin.* Ha! ha!—well! my obliging, generous Don Quixote, go and fight windmills, catles in the air, and a thousand phantoms of your own creation, for your Dulcinea's sake, do—ha! ha!——

*Bew.* Confusion! mind, madam——that this is the last time of my troubling you---

*Belin.* I shall expect you to morrow morning---

*Bew.* No---never---by heaven, never---

*Belin.* Exactly at ten---your usual hour——

*Bew.* May I perish at your feet, if I do---

*Belin.* Oh! brave---but remember ten---kneeling, beseeching, imploring, your hand upon your heart, “Belinda, won't you forgive me?——”

*Bew.* Damnation!--I have done---I here bid you an eternal adieu!--farewell—— [Exit.

*Belin.* I shall wait breakfast for you---ha! ha! poor Beverley! he cannot command his temper---but, in spight of all his faults, I love him still---What the poet says of great wits, may be applied to all jealous lovers---

----To madness sure they're near allied;  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

[Exit.

## A C T IV.

SCENE, *an Apartment in Beverley's House.*

*Enter Beverley.*

SO! so! so! Belinda, I have escaped your snares, and have recovered my freedom;---and yet, if she had not proved false, what a treasure of love had I in store for all that beauty!---Po! po! no more of her beauty---it is external, superficial, the mere result of features and complexion---A deceitful Syren, to draw the unwary into a dream of happiness, and then wake him into wonder at the storms and tempests that gather round him---I have done with her; I'll think no more of her---Oh! Belinda! Belinda!---

*Enter*

*Enter Brush.*

*Brush.* Please your honour——

*Bev.* She that in every part of life seemed so amiable?——

*Brush.* Sir!——

*Bev.* Under so fair a mask to wear such loose designs!——

*Brush.* What is he musing upon?—— Sir——

*Bev.* I have done with her for ever——ay, for ever——(*sings a tune*)——I swear for ever——(*sings*)——are you there, Brush?——

*Brush.* Yes, your honour——here is a letter.

*Bev.* So unforeseen, so unexpected a discovery!——Well! well! well!——What did you say, Brush?——

*Brush.* A letter for your honour, Sir——

*Bev.* Well, give it to me another time——I'll not make myself uneasy about her——

*Brush.* I fancy your honour will be glad to have it now.——

*Bev.* What did you say?

*Brush.* It is a letter from madam Belinda, Sir.

*Bev.* Belinda! I won't read it——take it away——

*Brush.* Hey! which way is the wind now?——some quarrel, I suppose——but the falling out of lovers——must I take it away, Sir?——

*Bev.* I have done with her for ever.——

*Brush.* Have done with madam Belinda, Sir!

*Bev.* Oh! Brush, she is——but I will not proclaim her shame——no let me still be tender——I will see her no more, Brush, that is all; hear from her no more; she must not wind herself about my heart again——I'll go out of town directly——order my chaise to the door.

*Brush.* Had you not better defer it till to-morrow morning, Sir? perhaps then——

*Bev.* No——no——directly——do as I bid you——

*Brush.* Consider, Sir, if your mind should change, the trouble of coming back post-haste.——

*Bev.* No——never——I say, never——what to her? Who could smile on me, on him, on a thousand——no,——no——she shall know that I am a man——

*Brush.* But, Sir, you know that one solitary tear, which, after miserably chafing for it for half an hour together, she will painfully distil from the corner of her eye, will extinguish all this rage, and then—

*Bew.* Po! po! you know nothing of the matter—go, and order the chaise directly——

*Brush.* Yes, Sir——I suppose a couple of shirts will be sufficient, Sir?——you will hardly stay them out——

*Bew.* Pack up all, Sir——I shall stay in the country a whole month, if it be necessary——

*Brush.* An entire month, Sir!

*Bew.* I am resolved, fixed, determined.——and so, do as I have ordered you——(*Exit Brush*)——So shall I disentangle myself from her entirely——so shall I forget the fondness my foolish heart had for her——I hate her, loath her, pity her, am sorry for her, and love her still——I must expel this weakness from my mind——I will think no more of her—and yet——Brush! Brush!——I may as well see her letter too——only to try what her cunning can suggest.

*Enter Brush.*

*Bew.* You may as well leave the letter, Brush——

*Brush.* Yes, Sir;—I thought as much——

[*Exit.*

*Beverley alone.*

Now what varnish will she put upon the matter!—(*reads*) “The false gaiety of my heart, thro’ which  
“my dear Beverley might have read my real anguish  
“at our last meeting, is now subsided. If you will  
“come to me, I will not laugh at your inquietude of  
“temper, but will clear all your doubts, and shew  
“you how much I am, my dearest Beverley, ever  
“yours.

“*Belinda Blandford.*”

Pshaw! satisfy my doubts—I have no doubts; I am convinced—these arts prevail no more——ha! ha! (*laughs peevishly*)—“my dear Beverley” (*reads and tears the letter by degrees*)—“real anguish”——ha! ha! (*tears another piece*)—“inquietude of temper”——  
(*another*

(another piece) "clear all your doubts"—Po! po! po!  
 —ha! ha!—damnation!—I'll think no more  
 of her—(tears another bit)—ha! ha!—"dearest  
 "Beverly"—ha! ha!—artful woman!—"ever  
 "yours"—false! false! false!—(tears another  
 piece)—I'll not make myself uneasy about her—  
 Perfidy! treachery and ingratitude!—fixes his eye,  
 looks uneasy, and tears the letter all in scraps.)

Enter Clarissa and Bellmont.

*Cl.* So, brother!—

*Bel.* Beverly!—

*Bew.* Sister, your servant ——— Mr. Bellmont,  
 yours ———

*Cl.* You seem melancholy, brother.

*Bew.* No, not I——I am in very good spirits——

*Cl.* Ha! ha!——my dear brother, that is seen  
 thro', your soul is upon the rack.——

*Bew.* What about a woman, a false, ungrateful  
 woman!

*Bel.* Whom you still admire——

*Cl.* To whom you'd be upon your knees in five  
 minutes.

*Bew.* You are mistaken——— I am going out of  
 town——

*Bel.* But you will take your leave——

*Bew.* I have done that, once for all.

*Cl.* Has not she wrote to you?—

*Bew.* She has, and there—— there you see the effect  
 of her letter---You will see I shall maintain a proper  
 firmness on the occasion---

*Bel.* Prithee—no more, Beverly, but return to your  
 duty-----

*Bew.* I beg, Sir, you will have done---what, plead  
 for treachery, for falshood, for deceit---

*Cl.* No, Sir, but for my friend, my lovely friend,  
 Belinda, for truth, for innocence---

*Bew.* Po! po! you don't know all the circum-  
 stances---

*Cla.* But we do know all the circumstances, and my dear brother, you have behaved very ill-----

*Bew.* Heaven knows, I have not, and yet, heaven knows, I should be glad to be convinced I have-----

*Cla.* I'll tell you what then, we women are soft and compassionate in our nature; go to her without delay, fall at her feet, beg her pardon, drop a tear or two, and all will be well again-----

*Bew.* Prithee don't laugh at me,---may contempt and beggary attend me,---may all the calamities of life befall me,-----may shame, confusion, and disquiet of heart for ever sting me,-----if I hold farther intercourse with her; if I do not put her from my thoughts for ever. ----- Did you leave her at home?-----,

*Cla.* We did.

*Bew.* Well, let her stay there----- it is of no consequence to me---how did she bear what passed between us?---

*Cla.* Like a sweet girl as she is; she behaved like an angel; I shall love her better than ever for her good humour.

*Bew.* Oh! I don't doubt her good humour-----she has smiles at command---let her smile or not smile, 'tis all alike to me---did she say any thing?-----

*Cla.* She told us the whole story, and told it in tears too.

*Bew.* Ay! them she can command too!----- But I have no curiosity about her-----was she in tears tho'?-----

*Cla.* She was, and wept bitterly---how could you, brother, behave so rashly to so amiable a girl?----- have you a pleasure in being the cause of her uneasiness?-----

*Bew.* I the cause!---you wrong me---by heaven you wrong me-----my lady Reflex was the cause-----she told me such things-----she planted daggers in my very heart.

*Cla.* You planted daggers in her heart-----and it was barbarous.---What, because a lady has not strength enough to bear up against a father, who is resolved to give her away to another, and because she faints out of  
excessive

excessive tenderness for you, and in that distress meets accidental relief from Sir John Restless at his own door---

*Bew.* How!--

*Cla.* And because my lady Restless sees this out of her window, and has a perverse talent of misinterpreting appearances into realities, to her own disadvantage-----you must therefore fill your head with ungenerous suspicions-----Oh! for shame, for shame, how could you?---

*Bew.* But, is all this true?-----is this really the case?---

*Bel.* How do you doubt it, Beverley;---you know Belinda too well---it is the case, man.-----

*Bew.* I should be glad to find it so---

*Cla.* Well! well! I tell you it is so---how could you think otherwise, when you know she has the best heart in the world, and is so nice of honour, she scorns all falsehood and dissimulation---

*Bel.* Ha! ha! my dear Beverley, you have done the absurdest thing---

*Bew.* Why, if what you say can be made to appear-----but then she'll never forgive my past behaviour-----

*Cla.* Po! you talk as if you were wholly unletter'd in the tempers of women-----my dear brother, you know, you men can do what you please with us, when you have got an interest in our hearts-----go to her, I say, go to her, and make your peace-----

*Bew.* May I depend upon what you say?-----

*Cla.* You may.

*Bew.* Then I'll fly to her this instant, humble myself to her, and promise by all my future life to atone for this brutal injury---

*Enter Brush.*

*Brush.* The chaise is at the door, Sir.

*Bew.* You may put up again; I shan't go out of town.

*Brush.* No, Sir!

*Bew.* No---ha! ha!--you may put up, and let me have the chariot directly-----

*Brusl.* Yes, Sir ; I knew it would come to this---  
[*Exit.*

*Bel.* But do you think she will forgive me ?

*Cla.* She will ; love will plead your cause.

*Bel.* My dear sister, I am for ever obliged to you  
---and Bellmont, I thank you too-----how could I  
wrong her so ?-----I shall behold her once again-----  
ha ! ha !---is the chariot ready ?-----I won't stay for  
it ; I am on the wing, my dear Belinda, to implore  
forgiveness --and so she fainted away in the Park, and  
my lady Rostlets saw Sir John afford her relief ?-----  
ha ! ha ! ha !----- whimsical enough---ha ! ha ! ha !---  
what a strange construction her crazy temper put upon  
it ?--- ha ! ha !---how could the woman be so foolish ?  
---my dear Belinda, I will fly to you this moment-----  
ha ! ha !--- (*going, returns*) Sir John shall give me  
back the picture, and, on my knees, I will once more  
present it---

*Cla.* So ! so ! so !-----you are come to yourself  
I find-----

*Bel.* I knew it would be so---

*Bel.* She shall have it---I'll find Sir John directly  
-----and then-----ha ! ha ! how could I be such a  
madman ! ha ! ha !----- sister, your servant-----  
Bellmont, yours-----ha ! ha ! what a piece of work  
has that foolish woman made for us all -----ha ! ha !

[*Exit singing.*

*Cla.* Well, I am happy that I have nothing of  
my brother's unaccountable humours in my disposi-  
tion-----

*Fel.* Oh ! my angel, you are all-----

*Cla.* Oh lord ! Oh lord !---no compliments, pray  
-----I have not leisure now to attend to you-----for,  
positively, I must go back to Belinda, to see their  
reconciliation-----will you go with me, Mr. Bell-  
mont ?-----

*Bel.* By all means---

*Cla.* Allons then ; there, take my hand, and let us  
be gone.  
(*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE, *an Apartment at Belinda's.*

*Enter Belinda.*

This rash, unaccountable man! — How could he entertain such a suspicion! — Ungrateful Beverly! — He almost deserves I should never see him again — Tippet! — I shan't be easy till I hear from him — Tippet! —

*Enter Tippet.*

*Belin.* Is the servant returned from Mr. Beverley's? —

*Tip.* Not yet, madam.

*Belin.* I wonder what keeps him — I am upon thorns till I see the dear, ungenerous man, and explain every thing to him. — Oh! Mr. Beverley! how could you treat me so? — But I was partly to blame; my lady Restless inflamed his mind, and I should not have trifled with his passion — Is the other servant returned from Sir John Restless? —

*Tip.* He is, madam.

*Belin.* And what answer? —

*Tip.* Sir John will wait upon you himself, madam, directly.

*Belin.* Very well! — I must get him to set every thing in its true light, and justify me to Mr. Beverley: and yet the uncertainty of his temper alarms me strangely — his eternal suspicions! — but there is nothing in that — my future conduct, — my regard for him will cure that disease, and then —

*Tip.* I dare be sworn it will, ma'am.

*Belin.* Yes, I think it will, when he knows me better, he will learn to think generously of me — and on my part, I think I can be sure he will meet with nothing but open, unsuspecting love from me.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir John Restless, madam —

*Belin.* Shew him in — Tippet, do you leave the room.

Belinda, *Sir John*.

*Sir John*. In compliance with your commands, madam.

*Belin*. Sir, I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself—A particular circumstance has happened in your family, to my utter disquiet—

*Sir John*. Madam, there have happened things in my family, to my utter disquiet too—

*Belin*. I am sorry for that, Sir—but I assure you I have been made quite unhappy, and must beg, as it is in your power, that you will be kind enough to remove the cause of my uneasiness.

*Sir John*. Whatever I can do, you may command.

*Belin*. Sir, I thank you, and must tell you, that your lady has done me the most irreparable injury.

*Sir John*. Oh! she has done the same to me—my injuries are irreparable too—but how has she injured you, madam?

*Belin*. She has ruined me, Sir, with the man I love to distraction.

*Sir John*. Now, here something else will come to light, (*aside*)—How, how has she done that, madam?

*Belin*. Oh! Sir, she has entirely drawn off his affections from me.

*Sir John*. And fixed them upon herself, I suppose.

*Belin*. I don't say that, Sir.

*Sir John*. But I dare say it; and I believe it.

*Belin*. Pardon me, Sir, I don't charge the lady with any thing of that kind——but she has unaccountably taken it into her head to be jealous of me.

*Sir John*. Jealous of you!

*Belin*. Her ladyship saw the little offices of civility I received from you this morning—She misunderstood every thing, it seems, and has told the gentleman with whom I was engaged in a treaty of marriage, that improper freedoms have passed between us.

Sir

Sir John. Artifice ! artifice !—her usual policy, madam, to cover her own libertine ways.

Belin. I don't mean to say any thing harsh of the lady—but you know what foundation there is for this, and I hope will do me justice—

Sir John. Oh ! madam, to the world, to the wide world I'll justify you—I will wait upon the gentleman—who is he, madam ? what's his name ?—

Belin. Beverley, Sir !

Sir John. Beverley !

Belin. Yes, Sir ; you seem surprised—do you know him, Sir ?

Sir John. Yes, yes, I know him—and he shall know me—my resentment he shall feel—he shall answer to me ———

Belin. Answer to you ! —

Sir John. To me, madam—I told you at first this was her scheme to shelter herself ; and he, I suppose, is combined with her to give this turn to the affair, and to charge me with infidelity—But you, ma'am can witness for me—

Belin. I can, Sir,—But can Mr. Beverley be capable of a dishonourable action ?

Sir John. Oh ! that matter is plain enough ; he has injured me in the highest degree, destroyed my happiness—

Belin. How, Sir !—are you sure of this ?

Sir John. He has given her his picture ; I caught her with her eyes rivited to it ; I heard her admiration, her praises of it ; her wishes that she had been married to such a man—I saw her print a thousand kisses on it ; and in the very fact I wrested it out of her hand ———

Belin. I assure you, Sir, if I imagined him to be such as you describe him, I should scarcely be willing to join myself to him for life——

Sir John. As you please for that—but, without doubt, you must be very happy with a man of his gallantry.

Belin. Happy, Sir !—I should be miserable ; I should be distracted—I should break my heart—

*Sir John* Oh! it is very likely that he will have a great regard to the honour of the nuptial bed, he, who is so ready to commit a trespass on his neighbour.

*Belin* But do you think you have sufficient proof?

*Sir John* I have seen him coming out of my house since, clandestinely, shunning every observant eye, with the characters of guilt in his face, and all the discourse I had with him, served only to convince me the more ———

*Belin* Abandoned wretch!—was this the love he professed for me?—Sir, I have only to hope that you will vindicate me in this matter——I commend myself to your honour, and I thank you for this favour——

*Sir John* Our evidences will mutually speak for each other, and confound their dark designs—Madam, I take my leave——

*Belin* Sir, your most obedient——

*Sir John* You will find I shall make an example of the gentleman ——

*Belin* You cannot treat him too severely——

*Sir John* I will expose him, I promise you—Madam, your humble servant. [Exit.

*Belin's*

Oh! Mr. Beverly, could I have imagined this?—False! false man!—and yet how shall I forget him!—But I will make an effort, tho' it pierce me to the quick—I will tear him from my heart—this moment I will write to him, and forbid him to see me more.

[Exit.

### SCENE the Park.

*Enter Sir John.*

If I can procure sufficient evidence, I shall bring the matter to a divorce, and make an example of them all——Would Marmalet were come—this is her time to a moment—If I can worm the secret out of her——then I am happy—is not that she yonder?——there is not quite day-light enough to distinguish, but I think I perceive a person masked——hitt! hitt!——Mrs. Marmalet——she comes this way——it is she——Mrs. Marmalet, your servant——

*Enter*

*Enter a Woman masked.*

Sir John. You are very good, Mrs. Marmalet—

Mask. Bless my heart, I am scared out of my senses.

Sir John. What's the matter, pray? ——— what's the matter?

Mask. Oh Sir! I tremble like a leaf—I was accosted in a rude manner by some gentlemen yonder—Oh Lord! I can't stay here, let us go into your house, Sir—I beg you will.

Sir John. My house—would not any other house do as well?

Mask. Oh! no, Sir—not for the world—

Sir John. Why my wife is not at home, and so I think I may venture, not but I had rather it were elsewhere ———

Mask. Indeed, Sir John, I can't—you will do me a favour if you will take me into the house—

Sir John. Very well —say no more—it shall be so—Robert—

Rob. (*Opening the door*) Is that Sir John?

Sir John. Your lady is not at home, Robert, is she?

Rob. No, Sir.

Sir John. Then do you go in, and take care that nobody sees Mrs. Marmalet with me—come, I'll shew you the way— [Exeunt.

SCENE in Sir John's House.

*Enter Tattle and Beverley.*

Tat. (*As she enters.*) Ay, poor lady! she is misfortunate, indeed—and, poor gentleman, he is as jealous as my lady to the full——There has been a deal to do about that picture you mention, Sir.

Bev. Well, all that will be explained presently—I'll wait 'till he comes home—I can't possibly go without speaking to him—

Tat. Indeed, you had better not stay, Sir—you don't consider the mischief your being in the house may occasion—

Bev.

*Bew.* Mischief! how do you mean?—

*Tat.* Lord, Sir!—I would not have you stay for the world—I would not, indeed—you can call again in an hour, Sir, and you'll certainly find him at home, then—bless my heart, Sir!—I fancy that's his voice—do, dear Sir!—you'll be the ruin of my lady—if he sees you here, Sir, waiting in his house—he'll be persuaded you come after my lady—the world will never beat it out of his head—

*Bew.* But I shall give him to understand—

*Tat.* He won't understand any thing, Oh lud! oh lud! he's coming up,—I'll run and look. [*Exit.*]

*Bew.* What a flurry the woman is in—a foolish jade!—I must speak with him now—

*Tat.* (*Entering*) It is he as I am alive, Sir—and there is a woman in a mask with him—

*Bew.* A woman in a mask—Zoons, if that should be Belinda!—my mind misgives me strangely!—

[*Aside.*]

*Tat.* Do, dear Sir—you look like a good-natured gentleman—Let me hide you out of the way, Sir,—you would not be the destruction of a poor servant—

*Bew.* A mask coming home with him—I must know who that is—I won't leave the house without knowing—If I could conceal myself—Have you any private place Mrs. Tattle?—

*Tat.* That is the very thing I mean, Sir,—let me conceal you in that closet till he passes thro' this room—He never stays long here—it won't take you two minutes—Do, sweet Sir—I'll down on my knees to you—

*Bew.* That will be the best way—Come, dispose of me as you will—If this should be Belinda— [*Exit.*]

*Tat.* Heavens bless you, Sir, for this goodness!—I'll lock the door to make sure work of it—Oh lud! oh lud! I was never so frightened in my life— [*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir John, and a woman masked.*

*Sir John.* Mrs. Marmalet, I am obliged to you for this favour—I wanted a word or two with you—

*Mask.* So Robert informed me, Sir—

*Sir John.* Did he tell you my business?

*Mask.*

*Mask.* No, Sir---

*Sir John.* Look ye then, my dear Mrs. Marmalet, if you will gratify me in what I shall ask, you may command any thing---now you may be uncovered---

*Mask.* La! Sir---I hear a noise---I am afraid somebody's coming---and I shall be seen.

*Sir John.* Hush! no---there's nobody---I'll tell you what---If you will indulge me on this occasion, I am yours for ever---Here, here is a purse of money for you---

*Mask.* But if this should come to the knowledge of your lady, I am ruined and undone---

*Sir John.* No, no, I'll take care of you---

*Mask.* Will you, Sir?-----

*Sir John.* I will---but come---let me remove this from your face-----

*Mask.* But somebody may come---

*Sir John.* I'll lock the door---there, now we are safe-----

*Mask.* But in a little time you'll make up all quarrels with your lady, and I shall get ruined by this -----

*Sir John.* No, no, never fear---I shall never be reconciled to her---I hate her---detest her---

*Lady Rest. (Unmasking.)* Do you so, Sir?---Now, Sir John, what can you say now, Sir?---

*Sir John.* My Lady Restless!---Confusion!---What shall I say?

*Lady Rest.* Oh, Sir John! Sir John!---what evasion have you now, Sir?---Can you deny your guilt any longer?

*Sir John.* This is unlucky---that villain Robert has betrayed me---and I can't explain myself to her now---try what soothing will do---My Lady Restless---if you will but have patience all this matter shall be explained---

*Lady Rest.* Explained, Sir!

*Sir John.* Yes, my dear, explained, and---

*Lady Rest.* My dear, too!---the assurance of you!

*Sir John.* I say, my dear, for I still regard you---and this was all done---to---to--- cure you of your jealousy---all done to cure you of your jealousy.

Lady

*Lady Rest.* A fine way you have taken—

*Sir John.* Yes, yes—and so you will see presently—  
all to convince you how groundless your suspicions are,  
and then we shall live very happy together---

*Lady Rest.* Ay! ———

*Sir John.* For I have no further suspicions of you—  
I see my error, and I want you to see yours— ha! ha!  
—I have no suspicions—that will put her off her guard  
—(aside)—my dear, only compose your spirits, and—

*Lady Rest.* And do you think to deny every think  
even in the face of conviction—Base, base man!—I'll  
go this moment and write to my brother---

*Sir John.* Po! po! you talk wildly—this is all rav-  
ing—you make yourself very ridiculous—you do, in-  
deed—I had settled all this on purpose, and contrived  
that it should come to your ears, and then knew you  
would do just as you have done—and—then—I—I—  
resolved to do just as I have done—only to hint to you  
—that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves, and  
so shew you how wrong it is to be too suspicious, my  
dear—and was it not well done?—ha! ha! ha!

*Lady Rest.* And do you laugh at me too, Sir?—  
make me your sport?—I'll go and get pen and ink this  
moment --

*Sir John.* Oh! do so, ma'am---do so---ha! ha!  
you'll only expose yourself---go and write, madam---  
ha! ha! ha! ———

*Lady Rest.* I will, Sir---ha! the door is locked---  
this won't succeed, Sir--- I suppose you have the key---  
ay! I'll lay my life you have, and some other of your  
creatures is locked in there --

*Sir John.* There again---this is of a piece with all  
your other suspicions---ha! ha!---you are mighty silly,  
indeed, you are---

*Lady Rest.* I will search that closet---I am determined  
I will ———

*Sir John.* Do so, ma'am, do so---ha! ha! —

*Lady Rest.* I'll have the door broke open, if you don't  
give me the key---

*Sir John.* Ha! ha! ha!---

*Lady Rest.* Will you give me the key, Sir?

*Sir John.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Lady*

Lady *Rest*. Very well, Sir---Tattle!---who waits there?---I will find out all your artifices---Tattle, I say---

Sir *John*. Tol de rol lol ---ha! ha! ha!

*Enter Tattle.*

Lady *Rest*. Do you know any thing of the key of that closet, Tattle?

Tat. The key, ma'am! --I have it, ma'am---

Lady *Rest*. Give it to me ---

Tat. That is, I have it not, ma'am---oh! Crimini ---what shall I do now?---don't have it, ma'am, don't ask for it?---

Lady *Rest*. Don't ask for it!---but I will have it, and so ---

Sir *John*. Ha! is not she willing to give it?---there is something in this, then---Give the key this moment you jade, give it to me-----

Lady *Rest*. You shan't have it, Sir---what, you want to hinder me!---give the key to me-----

Tat. Lord! I have lost it, ma'am---better not have it, ma'am.

Sir *John*. Give it to me this moment, I say.

Lady *Rest*. If you don't let me have it, it is as much as your place is worth ---

Tat. The devil is in it---there it is then---let me make my escape. [Exit.

Lady *Rest*. Now, Sir, we shall see-----

Sir *John*. Ay, now search, if you will---ha! ha!---

Lady *Rest*. (*Unlocking the door*) You shall be found out, I promise you---oh! (*screams out.*)

Sir *John*. What's the matter now?

Lady *Rest*. Heavens! who have we here?

Sir *John*. Oh there is somebody there then!

*Enter Beverley.*

Bew. Madam---your most obedient.-----

Sir *John*. By all that's false, here he is again!

Lady *Rest*. What, in the name of wonder, brings you here, Sir?

Sir *John*. Oh ma'am! you know his business---and I know his business---and the gentleman knows his business---There he is, ma'am!---there is the gentleman waiting for you---true to his appointment, you see---  
Sir,

Sir, your humble servant---my lady Restless, your humble servant, madam,---Now write to your brother---do---I should be glad to know what you can say now---now---now---is the case plain now? ---

*Lady Rest.* I am in amaze! I don't know what to make of this.

*Bew.* Sir, however odd this may appear-----

*Sir John.* Ay! now settle it between yourselves---give it what turn you will, Sir, she will confirm it,---you need not be afraid, Sir---you will agree in your story---she is quick of invention, I assure you,---and I dare say you are pretty quick too!-----

*Bew.* Sir, I must beg you will put no forced construction upon this matter-----

*Sir John.* And you beg the same, ma'am, don't you?-----

*Bew.* Sir, I beg to be heard---my business here, Sir, is to desire you will return me that picture you have in your possession!---it is now become dear to me, Sir,---

*Sir John.* I dare say it is-----

*Bew.* And I must have it back.

*Sir John.* Sir, it is of equal value to me, and it shall raise in evidence against you both.

*Lady Rest.* Evidence against me!---pray, Sir, I desire you will explain yourself---How did you get in here?---what's your business?---what brought you hither?---what's your errand?-----

*Sir John.* Ay, Sir, speak; how did you get in here?---what's your business?---what brought you hither?---what's your errand?---

*Bew.* Zoons! I am beset by them both at once-----

*Lady Rest.* Speak, Sir,-----explain-----

*Sir John.* Ay! Sir, explain-----

*Bew.* Sir, if you will give me leave, I will satisfy you entirely---I assure you, Sir, and you too, ma'am, that my being in your closet is entirely owing to your maid Tattle-----

*Sir John.* The jade, I don't doubt it, Sir.

*Bew.* To prevent, if possible, the interpretation you now put upon seeing me in your house-----

*Sir John.* And it was well contrived, Sir---Oh! my lady Restless-----

Lady

*Lady Rest.* By all that's just, I knew nothing of it-----

*Bew.* Nothing. upon my honour, Sir.

*Sir John.* Oh! I knew you would both agree.-----

*Bew.* As I am a gentleman, I tell you the real fact.

*Sir John.* You need not, Sir, I know the real fact.

*Bew.* Sir, I have no time to lose, and I must now desire the picture, directly, Sir.

*Sir John.* Sir, I wish you a good evening.

*Bew.* I can't stir without it; and I should be glad you would comply without a quarrel, or really I must be obliged to-----

*Sir John.* Ay! now her bully begins! (*aside.*)---I desire you will quit my house, Sir.

*Bew.* I am not to be treated in this manner, Sir, and, if you don't return it by fair means, I shall be forced to draw, Sir.

*Sir John.* There again now!---she has set him on to cut my throat---but I will disappoint her---she is a worthless woman, and I won't fight about her---There Sir, there is your trinket---I shall have proof sufficient without it-----

*Bew.* Upon my honour, Sir, you will have no proof of any misbehaviour of mine, and, if you suspect your lady from these appearances, you wrong her much, I assure you-----

*Lady Rest.* Sir, I desire you will explain all this---

*Bew.* Call up your maid, madam, and-----

*Sir John.* No, Sir, no more of it---I am satisfied---I wish you good night, Sir---

*Bew.* Sir, when you are willing to listen to reason, I shall at any time convince you how wrong you are, and madam, you may depend I shall do justice to your honour upon all occasions-----and I take my leave-----

[*Exit.*

*Sir John, Lady Restless*

*Sir John.* Now, my lady Restless, now you see you are thoroughly known; all your artifices are known---Mr. Beverley is known! my lord Conquest is known---

*Lady Rest.* My lord Conquest, Sir! I despise all your imputations---my lord Conquest's maid, Sir!

Sir

66 *ALL IN THE WRONG.*

*Sir John.* Very well, madam! 'tis now my turn to write to your brother, and I promise you I will do it---

*Lady Rest.* You will write, Sir!---you will write!---I will recollect my temper-----his assurance is unequalled (*aside.*)-----Oh! do so, Sir,---do to---ha! ha! but you will only expose your weakness---ha! ha! you make yourself very ridiculous! you do indeed!---ha! ha!---

*Sir John.* 'Sdeath! madam, am I to be insulted with a contumelious laugh into the bargain!

*Lady Rest.* Why, my dear, this was all done---to --to---to---cure you of your jealousy---for I knew you would do as you have done, and to I---resolved to do as I have done--was it not well done, my dear, ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Damnation, madam!---this is beyond all human patience-----

*Lady Rest.* Ha! ha! ha! la lall lall lall, (*sings and laughs.*)

*Sir John.* Let me tell you, it is no laughing matter---you are a vile woman; I know you, and the world shall know you---I promise you it shall-----

*Lady Rest.* I am clear in my own conviction, and your slander I despise---nor shall your artifice blind me or my friends any longer---Sir, as you say it is no laughing matter---and I promise you, Sir---you shall never dishonour me again in this house-----

*Sir John.* And I promise you, madam, that you shall never dishonour me in any house.-----

*Lady Rest.* Injurious, false, false man!

*Sir John.* Deceitful---wanton---wanton woman!---

[*Exeunt, at opposite doors.*]

A C T. V.

*Enter old Blandford, Sir William, and young Bellmont.*

*Blanf.* **W**ELL, Sir William, we have made a good day's work of it, the writings will be ready to morrow.

Sir

*Sir Will.* The sooner the better, is your daughter Belinda at home?

*Bland.* I dare say she is—I ordered her home in the morning, I make no doubt but she has been at home ever since—I'll call her to you—excuse me a moment, *Sir William*—young gentleman, I beg your pardon—

[*Exit.*

*Bel.* No ceremony, Sir.

*Sir Will.* I suppose you were coming hither, George, to wait upon your mistress, when I met you but now—

*Bel.* Sir—you may depend—every thing in my power to please you, Sir—but you know I told you already Sir, that the lady has declared an aversion for me.

*Sir Will.* An aversion!—a fiddle for her aversion—has not her father promised her to you in marriage?—and so, what have you to do with her aversion?—

*Bel.* To do with it, Sir?—egad, I am afraid I shall have a great deal to do with it—you know, when a young lady marries against her inclination, billets-doux, assignations, plots, and intrigues, and a terrible *et cætera* of female stratagems, mount into her brain, and—

*Sir Will.* Come, come, lad, don't play the rogue with your father—did not you promise me, if Belinda consented, the affair would meet with no obstacle from you?—

*Bel.* I did, Sir,—but I can't help thinking—

*Sir Will.* And I can't help thinking that you are a knave, George—I'll tell you what, I have fixed my heart upon this marriage—my friend Mr. Blandford and I have been dining upon parchment, as I may say; we have been at the Crown and Rolls all day, to read over the deeds—and so I tell you, once for all, you must be observant of my will and pleasure.

*Bel.* Sir, if Belinda—she will never consent (*aside.*)—if the lady, Sir—

*Sir Will.* Very well, she will be consenting—I warrant her—now we shall see—

*Enter Blandford and Belinda.*

*Bland.* Ods heart! I am overjoyed, Sir William—my daughter is a complying, good girl, and obedient to her father—young gentleman, I give you joy—

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Death to my hopes ! what does he mean ?

*Bland.* Sir William, give me your hand upon it—this will not only be a match of prudence, but inclination also——

*Sir Will.* There, George, there's news for you.

*Bel.* Sure, she won't bring this calamity on me—can I believe what I hear madam ?—will you yourself pronounce the sentence ?——

*Belin.* Sir, I must take shame to myself, that I have been so long refractory to the dictates of the best of fathers, and blind also to your merit.

*Bland.* Loll tell loll——

*Bel.* Confusion ! (*aside.*)—My merit, I am afraid, is over-rated by you, and——

*Belin.* Pardon me, Sir ;—I must freely declare that my heart has been fixed upon a worthless man, whom I now renounce, and to you, Sir, I am ready to resign myself.

*Bland.* There, there, all's fixed, and my blessing attend you both.

*Bel.* What a dilemma am I brought into here ?

*Sir Will.* George, what's the matter, boy ?—you a bridegroom !—wounds ! at your age I would cut a caper over the moon on such an occasion.

*Bel.* Sir, I must beg to be excused—I am a little more slack mettled, Sir, and can't leap quite so high.

*Sir Will.* Well, well, all in good time—Mr. Blandford, where is this bottle you promised me ?—I want to wash down the cobwebs of the law——

*Bland.* In truth so do I—who waits there ?—Richard, lay a table in the next room—come, come, we'll go and drink a bumper to the young couple.

*Sir Will.* With all my heart—George, you are a cup too low ; come with us, my lad, we'll cheer your spirits—come along, George (*going.*)

*Bel.* I attend you, Sir—is this true, Belinda ?——

*Belin.* My real sentiments, Sir.

*Bel.* Then you have undone us all.

Belinda.

Yes, I am resolved at length, and I will punish his falsehood and ingratitude by obeying my father's commands. But my friend Clarissa, has she deserved this  
of

of me?—my resentments have hurried me too far—  
resume your strength, my heart, and let no sudden  
gust of passion make you false to friendship and to hon-  
our——

*Enter Tippet,*

*Belin.* Well Tippet, have you done as I ordered  
you?

*Tip.* I have, madam.

*Belin.* A vile, perfidious man!

*Tip.* So he is, madam.

*Belin.* After all the love I professed for him!—after  
so many ardent vows and protestations as he has made  
me——

*Tip.* After the hours he has kneel'd at your feet!—

*Belin.* I will drive him from my thoughts—here,  
take this letter, Tippet—give it to him with your own  
hand.

*Tip.* Yes, madam.

*Belin.* Where are his letters?

*Tip.* Here, madam. (*shows a parcel.*)

*Belin.* The bracelet——

*Tip.* I have it safe.

*Belin.* Mightly well—take them all home to him——  
and, in return, bring me back my foolish letters to  
him.

*Tip.* Madam, I won't quit the house without them.

*Belin.* That letter will inform him that his falsehood  
has compelled me into a compliance with my father's in-  
tentions, and be sure you confirm that to him.

*Tip.* He shall hear it of every side of his ears, I war-  
rant him.

*Belin.* Very well, you may go—and, hark ye, Tip-  
pet——ask his man—as if from yourself,——carelessly  
——whether his master ever talked of me——and  
what he said, Tippet? ——

*Tip.* Yes, madam.

*Belin.* But I don't care what he said—I don't want  
to know any thing about him——it does not concern  
me now—no—no—let him care as little for me as I do  
for him—tell him I say so——

*Tip.* I shan't forget, ma'am.

*Belin.* Tell him to hate me as much as I do him.

*Tip.*

*Tip.* I'll tell him his own—I promise you, ma'am.

*Belin.* Very well—that's all; get you gone—

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am.

*Belin.* Mind what I have said. ———

*Tip.* Trust to me———

*Belin.* Don't forget a tittle——

*Tip.* No, ma'am.

*Belin.* Be sure you tell him how indifferent I am. —

*Tip.* Leave all to me.

*Belin.* You see, Tippet, I am quite unconcerned—the barbarous wretch!

*Tip.* Oh! yes, ma'am, I see———

*Belin.* It is easy to see that I am at not all uneasy—  
You see that I am very gay upon it—(*laughs affectedly*)

*Tip.* (*Laughs.*) Yes, ma'am.———

*Belin.* False! false Beverley!—tell him I will never see his face any more.

*Tip.* I am gone, ma'am.

*Belin.* That upon no account will I ever exchange a word with him, hear from him, of him, or have any thing of any kind whatever to do with him—

*Tip.* I have my lesson, ma'am. (*Going.*)

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Beverley, madam.

*Tip.* My lady won't see his face any more.

*Belin.* Yes, I think, I will——— shew him in——  
I will see him once more, and tell him all myself——  
You may withdraw Tippet.

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am —ah! she has a handker after him still. (*Exit.*)

*Belin.* Now I will upbraid him, now tell him his own, and——

*Enter Beverley.*

*Bev.* Belinda!—how gladly do I once again behold——

*Belin.* And with what resentment have not I reason to behold, Sir——

*Bev.* You have, Belinda;——you have reason, I grant it—but—forgive the rash words my folly uttered——

*Belin.*

*Belin.* Oh ! Sir, mistake me not—they are not your words I quarrel with—your actions, Mr. Beverley, your actions, Sir!—

*Bew.* They are not to be extenuated—but surely, after the letter you honoured me with—

*Belin.* Sir, I have heard every thing since I was guilty of that folly.

*Bew.* Heard! what?—

*Belin.* Yes, dissemble if you will—but this must be the last of our conversing—My maid will return you whatever I have received from you ;—and all my silly letters I must beg you will let me have,—and then visit me no more, Sir---

*Bew.* Belinda!—you will not wound me thus--- here is the picture which caused that unlucky mistake between us—I have recovered it from Sir John Restless---

*Belin.* From my lady Restless, Sir---

*Bew.* Madam !---

*Belin.* Oh ! fie, Sir—no more---I have done---

*Bew.* You must, you must accept it---thus on my knees I beg you will---Will you, Belinda?----(takes her hand.)

*Belin.* Leave me, Sir---let go my hand, Mr. Beverley---your falshood, Sir---

*Bew.* My falshood!---by all the---

*Belin.* Your falshood, Sir---Sir John Restless has told me all---every circumstance--

*Bew.* He has told you!-----What has he told? his life shall answer it---

*Belin.* How could you treat me thus?---you have destroy'd my peace of mind for ever---Nay, you yourself have forced me into the arms of another---

*Bew.* What do I hear?---

*Belin.* In obedience to the commands of a father, I have agreed to marry Mr. Bellmont.

*Bew.* Mr. Bellmont!---him! ----marry him!---it is very well ma'am-----I expected it would come to this ---and my lady Restless is only mentioned on this occasion, as a retort for my accusation about Sir John--- I understand it---and, by heaven ! I believe that whole story---

*Belin.*

*Belin.* You do Sir!

*Bev.* I do---Fool that I was to humble myself to you---my pride is now piqued, and I am glad ma'am-----as glad as you can be to break off for ever---

*Belin.* Oh! Sir, I can be as indifferent on my part---then, Sir, you have only to send me back my letters, and -----

*Bev.* Oh! agreed, agreed---I'll go home this moment, and send them all---and before I go, ma'am, here is your own picture, which you had given me with your own hands---Mr. Bellmont will be glad of it---or Sir John Rafflefs will be glad of it----

*Belin.* Very like, Sir----(*takes the picture.*) Tyrant, tyrant man! to treat me in this barbarous manner-----(*cries.*)

*Bev.* Tears! Belinda! (*approaching.*)---Belinda!---

*Belin.* No more of your insidious arts---I will hear no more---Oh! my heart---my heart will break---I did not think it was in your nature to behave as you have done; but---farewel for ever--- [*Exit.*

*Bev.* Belinda!---hear me but speak---by heaven, my lady Wreffeless---she is gone---'sdeath! I have been duped by her all this time; I will now summon up all that is man within me, and in my turn despise her.

*Enter Tippet.*

*Tip.* If you are going home, Sir, I will take the things with me now----

*Bev.* Yes, I am going-----I will leave this detest-  
ed---

*Tip.* This abominable place, Sir--- (*laughing at him.*)

*Bev.* This hell!----

*Tip.* Ha! ha!----ay! Sir, this hell---

*Bev.* This mansion of perfidy, ingratitude, and fraud---

*Tip.* Very right, Sir, let us go----

*Bev.* And yet---Tippet-----you must not stir-----indulge me but a little---it is all a misunderstanding, this---

*Tip.* My lady will have no more to say to these things---

*Bev.*

*Bev.* Oh! Tippet, use your interest with her--- keep them in the house till I return---I will clear up this whole matter presently---I must not lose her thus----- [Exit.

*Tip.* Poor gentleman! he seems in a lamentable way--- Well, I fancy for my part he is a true lover after all; that's what I do---and my young lady, I fear, is-----

*Enter Belinda.*

*Tip.* Madam, madam, madam, you are to blame--- you are, indeed-----

*Belin.* Is he gone?

*Tip.* He is, madam.

*Belin.* Did he say any thing? was he uneasy? --- or did he carry it off with a-----

*Tip.* Oh! ma'am, he went away sighing short, his heart throbbing, his eyes brimful, his looks pale--you are to blame, you are, indeed, madam---I dare be sworn he has never proved false.

*Belin.* Oh! Tippet, could I be sure of that-----

*Tip.* But you are not sure of the contrary---Why won't you see my Lady Restless?---see her directly, madam; go to her now before it is too late:---before the old folks, who are now putting their heads together, have settled the whole affair---do, dear ma'am, be advised---shall I order your chair?

*Belin.* I don't know what to say---I am afraid I love him still---yes, I will see my Lady Restless---I will be thoroughly informed of the whole matter---order my chair-----

*Tip.* Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am. [Exit.

*Belin.* If I should lose him through a misapprehension of things, I shall never be able to forgive myself; and if rightly informed, the world combined shall not induce me to look upon him again.

*Enter Bellmont.*

*Bel.* Belinda, you have puzzled matters strangely; you have involved your friend Clarissa, yourself, me, and every body, in the most insurmountable difficulties-----

*Belin.* Sir, the provocation I have had from Mr. Beverley-----

*Bel.* You wrong him, I am persuaded you do; and to you will find in the end---But what can be done now?---the old people are fixed in their resolution, and fixed by your own rashness.

*Belin.* What can I say, Mr. Bellmont?---the agitation of my mind is such, between hope and doubt, and fear and resentment, that I know not which way to turn myself. If Beverley is false,---if he is true,---I am equally undone.

*Enter Clarissa.*

*Cla.* So, Mr. Bellmont! (*angrily.*)

*Bel.* Oh! Clarissa, there have been such doings between your brother and me-----

*Cla.* So I find, ma'am-----I met him as I came hither---You have had fine doings, indeed---I have heard it all---and you can be false to your promises, ma'am, false to your friends---and you too, Mr. Bellmont, you can be false to all your engagements, Sir.

*Bel.* Do me not that injustice, Clarissa-----

*Cla.* Oh! Sir, don't imagine I am angry with you, or with you, madam---you will be well paired---I give ye both joy---I am heartily glad, Sir, that I at length know you,---I resign him to you, ma'am,---I assure you I do-----

*Bel.* Give me but a moment's leave---

*Belin.* Upon my word, Clarissa---

*Cla.* And upon my word, ma'am---

*Belin.* Nay, but moderate your anger---

*Cla.* Anger! anger, indeed!--I should be sorry any thing that has happened were of consequence enough to disturb my peace of mind---Anger! ---no, ma'am, I assure you---Mr. Bellmont, I dare say, will be fully deserving of you; and you, madam, on your part, will very amply deserve such a husband-----Anger, indeed!

*Bel.* If you will but hear me a moment-----

*Belin.* My dear Clarissa-----

*Cla.* Ch! my dear ma'am, you are a sincere friend, I know, ma'am (*with a sneer*) but, my dear ma'am, don't stand on ceremony-----

*Bel.* Whatever has passed, Clarissa, I am not to blame---I have ever been -----

*Cla.*

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*Cla.* You have been false, Sir---but you have my consent, I promise you-----

*Bel.* But you won't hear me-----

*Belin.* No, she won't listen to a word---I mean you no wrong, *Clarissa*-----

*Enter Tippet.*

*Tip.* Madam, the chair is ready-----

*Belin.* Very well! I won't lose a moment now---  
*Clarissa*, when I return, you will be better disposed to hear me.

*Cla.* Oh! ma'am, there is no occasion.-----

*Belin.* Well! well!---suspend your judgment till I come back; your servant---adieu.----- [Exit.

*Cla.* Oh! your servant, ma'am---Mr. Bellmont, my brother, I promise you, will never forgive this injury-----

*Bel.* If you will have but a moment's patience-----

*Cla.* Oh, Sir! I shan't want patience,---don't imagine that---I shall be very patient, I promise you-----

*Bel.* Nay, but this is very ill-tempered---one would imagine my Lady Restless had been speaking to you too---this is like the rest of them;---downright jealousy-----

*Cla.* Jealousy!---upon my word, Sir, you are of great consequence to yourself, but of none to me I assure you, Sir,---Jealousy! I shall die with laughing at the thought---but, before I go, I will write a line to Belinda---to tell her all I know and think of her---Mrs. Tippet will let me have pen, ink, and paper, above stairs---and as to you, Sir---I have told you my mind already---Jealousy!---I can't help being diverted with the very notion of it---your most obedient, Sir.

[Exit.

*Bel.* What a deal of mischief has a strange misunderstanding of circumstances occasioned this day!---here comes my father---now to perplex matters if I can---and to gain at least a little delay-----

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir Wil.* Well, George! every thing is settled-----

*Bel.* But still, Sir, I wish you would consider-----

*Sir Wil.* What, at your tricks again, lad?

*Bel.* You know, Sir, I am above even an attempt to deceive you---but only reflect, Sir,---this is but a forced consent from the lady-----

*Sir Wil.* What, going back from your word, George?

*Bel.* Not in the least, Sir; but I am sure, if all circumstances were known to you, you yourself would forbid the banns.

*Sir Wil.* How! how! what's the matter, George?—I forbid the banns! for what?-----

*Bel.* Why, Sir, I am not fond of speaking detractingly of a young lady; but, for the honour of your family, Sir, let us desist from this match; that's all, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* Roguery, lad! there's roguery in this.

*Bel.* I see you will force me to speak out—there is a flaw in her reputation, Sir; she is blemished-----

*Sir Wil.* Blemished!

*Bel.* Ay, Sir, blemished; my lady Restless, a very agreeable, worthy lady here in the neighbourhood, has discovered an illicit commerce between her and Sir John---the whole charge is come to Beverley's knowledge, and, with tears in his eyes, with a bleeding heart, for he loved her tenderly, he has made his bow to her charms, and taken his final leave.

*Sir Wil.* Ay! lad—is this true?

*Bel.* Too true, I assure you, Sir—my lady will confirm it;-----and so now judge whether—Oh! here comes Mr. Blandford—take no notice to him, Sir;—we need not be accessory to her ruin; it is a family affair, and so let them patch it up among themselves, as well as they can-----

*Sir Wil.* If things be as you say, George—

*Enter Blandford.*

*Bland.* Supper will be ready immediately, Sir William—odds heart! my spirits are above proof with joy, that this matter is so happily settled; I am in love with my daughter for her compliance, and I fancy I shall throw in an odd thousand more, to be spent in the honey moon—Where is Belinda?—

*Bel.* I really can't say, Sir; she is not at home.

*Bland.*

*Bland.* Not at home!—What can be the meaning of that? where could she go at this hour of night?—I am alarmed——

*Sir Wil.* She is not gone after this Beverley, I hope!——

*Bland.* If she is——Tippet!—who answers there?

*Enter Tippet.*

*Bland.* Where is Belinda?

*Tip.* Gone in a chair to Sir John Restless—not far off, Sir; just by here——

*Sir Wil.* Gone to Sir John Restless!

*Bel.* You see, Sir!—(to *Sir William.*)

*Bland.* I did not think she had been acquainted there—she has got some freak in her head, I fear.

*Sir Wil.* Why, it has an odd appearance this—let us follow her thither—this should be enquired into.

*Bland.* Ay! let us lose no time—let us follow her immediately; come along——

*Sir Wil.* I attend you, Sir—come along, George—

*Bel.* I will but get my hat, in the next room, Sir, and follow you directly.

*Sir Wil.* Very well! now I shall see whether you have imposed upon your father——

[*Exit.*

*Bellmont, alone.*

And now, Clarissa, now will I explain to you all my sufferings; the very sentiments of my heart—if my lady Restless persists in her accusation, who knows what turn this affair may still take—I will but speak to Clarissa, and follow them instantly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment at Sir John's.

*Enter Tattle and Beverley.*

*Tat.* This way, Sir, I will let Sir John know.

*Bew.* I shan't detain him long, you may say.

*Tat.* Very well, Sir.

*Lady Rest.* (*Peeping in at the door.*) I thought I heard Sir John talking with my maid.

*Bew.* The business is pressing, or I should not trouble him at this hour.

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*Tat.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir John.* (*Peeping in at the back scene.*) Did not I hear a man in discourse with my wife!—so—so—so—he has got into my house again!

*Bev.* Well! only say that my business is very urgent, that's all—— [*Exit Tattle.*]

*Sir John.* I dare say it is——and there she comes to you.

*Enter Lady Restless.*

*Lady Rest.* Well, Sir, have you heard any thing farther?

*Bev.* Sir John has been with Belinda since I had the pleasure of seeing you, ma'am.

*Lady Rest.* I make no doubt of it, Sir.

*Bev.* And I am informed, that he has taken it into his head to suspect me, madam, which is so very unjust, that——

*Sir John.* (*Entering.*) Yes, Sir, I do suspect you,—and, Sir, this frequent haunting of my house——

*Bev.* Sir John Restless, you have injured me in my love, in my honour, Sir, and——

*Sir John.* Sir, you have injured me in my love and in my honour, Sir—no—not my love, for that is over—I despise her, scorn her, reject her-----

*Lady Rest.* That is ever the way with those who have deserved contempt themselves, Sir John.

*Bev.* Sir, I must beg to discuss this affair with some temperance, for it is of moment to me, and-----

*Enter Belinda.*

*Sir John.* (*Running to meet her.*) There, madam, there you find them both together,—(*Pointing at Beverley and Lady Restless.*)

*Lady Rest.* Now, Sir; you see she comes to my very house after him, (*Pointing at Sir John and Belinda.*)

*Sir John.* Now, madam, judge for yourself, (*to Belinda.*)

*Lady Rest.* Does this convince you, Sir, (*to Beverley.*)

*Belin.* Mr. Beverley! } *Both staring at each other.*

*Bev.* Belinda!

*Bev.* By heaven! I fear my information is right.

*Bel.* Did you find them together, Sir, (*to Sir John.*)

*Sir John.* Found them together, madam!---

*Bel.*

*Belin.* Then I am satisfied——

*Lady Rest.* Oh! the base man!

*Sir John.* Abandoned woman!

*Bew.* Treacherous Belinda!

*Each speaking a-part.*

*Enter Mr. Blandford, and Sir William.*

*Bland.* Sir John Restless,—my lady Restless,—I apprehend you are the gentleman, Sir—and you the lady ma'am—I came hither in quest of my daughter—of, Belinda!—

*Lady Rest.* Are you her father?

*Bland.* I am, madam—Mr. Beverley here too!—I see how this is, Belinda—you have eloped from your father, have you?

*Lady Rest.* Eloped! mind that, Sir John—the thing is clear.

*Bland.* So I think it is—and I should be glad to know which of you encourages her to take this step.

*Lady Rest.* All Sir John's doings, Sir.

*Bland.* Sir John, I must tell you——

*Sir John.* Sir, let me assure you first, there is no such thing.

*Lady Rest.* Heavens deliver me!—how can you say so? Sir, (*to Blandford.*) I am very sorry to say any thing disagreeable to a father of his daughter—but, when my happiness is destroyed, ceremony is unnecessary—your daughter has made me miserable, Sir.

*Bland.* What! how?

*Lady Rest.* Sir John Restless and she, Sir—I cannot speak, (*cries.*)

*Bland.* Belinda! you will make your father wretched ——

*Belin.* I make you wretched, Sir!—there is no action of my life——

*Enter Bellmont and Clarissa.*

*Sir Will.* Sir John Restless—this is my son, Sir—he is interested in this matter.—George, things turn out as you told me.—(*aside to him.*)

*Bel.* I am sorry for it, Sir.

*Sir John.* Mr. Blandford, you are father to this lady, Sir—don't make yourself uneasy; for I will vouch for her innocence of my lady's charge against her.

Lady

*Lady Rest.* He will deny every thing, no doubt—but facts are too stubborn, and ocular demonstration I have had.

*Sir Will.* Ocular demonstration!

*Lady Rest.* Yes, Sir; I have seen their familiarities.

*Sir Will.* George take Clarissa as soon as you will—Mr. Blandford, you will excuse me, if I decline any further treaty with you—

*Bland.* Stay but a little till we hear the whole—

*Sir Will.* Sir, I desire to hear no more—I am satisfied, and must desire not to marry my son into your family—Clarissa—you have my consent as soon as you please—my son is at your service—

*Bland.* Then, Sir William, since you provoke me, Sir, you shan't have my daughter—Mr. Beverley, I no longer oppose your inclinations, she is yours—

*Sir Will.* Do you slight my son, Sir?—you use me ill—and I would have you know—

*Bland.* You shall never refuse my daughter again, I promise you—

*Sir Will.* Nor shall you my son, Sir—Here, George, take your Clarissa—I give her away to you—

*Cla.* The gentleman has declared himself for that lady, and—

*Bel.* No, ma'am, that lady has no share in my affections, and, in compliance with my father's injunctions, thus let me seize your hand, and devote to you all my future days.

*Bland.* It's very well, Sir William—Mr. Beverley, here is my daughter for you—

*Lady Rest.* Ay, now, if he will accept of her, I shall begin to think that I have been mistaken—and that all my suspicions of the lady are without foundation—But, I dare say, the gentleman knows better—What do you say, Sir? Will you marry the lady?—

*Ber.* If that proof will satisfy you, madam—

*Belin.* Hold, hold, a moment—Explain the business that brought you hither, Sir; answer to Sir John's charge against you—

*Sir John.* Ay, Sir, answer that—if she agrees to marry him, I shall be satisfied too—But, Sir, my lady's  
being

being in possession of your picture, your frequent visits to my house, Sir, and other circumstances. —

*Bev.* Sir, a word or two will clear that matter—I had given a picture to this lady in the park—she, I find dropped it when she fainted away —

*Bland.* Did you faint, Belinda?

*Belin.* I did, Sir, immediately after you treated me in such severe terms—in the morning—

*Sir John.* And then it was I accidentally came to her relief, which my lady, according to custom, has conceived in the manner you see.

*Bland.* And how came you by the picture madam?

*Lady Rest.* I found it in the very spot where I saw your daughter in the park. The truth begins to break in upon me —

[*Aside.*

*Sir John.* This opens my eyes a little—

[*Aside.*

*Bland.* And have you been ingenious enough, madam, to work up all these circumstances into a charge against Sir John—ha! ha!

*Sir John.* 'Tis ever her way, Sir—I told you how ridiculous you would make yourself, my dear; ha! ha! —You see, what your suspicions are come to at last—ha! ha!

*Bev.* And you may see Sir John, what your suspicions are come to—I never was within your doors before this day; nor should I perhaps have spoke to my lady, had it not been for the mistakes your mutual jealousies occasioned between Belinda and me—I cannot help laughing at the whole affair—ha! ha! ha!

*Sir John.* Sir, you may laugh—but I have another complaint against my Lady Restless—

*Lady Rest.* Sir John, Sir John, I have another charge against you—that jade whom you made an ass-nation with—

*Sir John.* Oh! madam, Robert knows that whole affair—I'll bring him hither directly, and convict you before the whole company—

[*Exit.*

*Lady Rest.* Artful, cunning man! you shan't speak to him apart;—you shan't suborn witnesses—I'll pursue you—gentlemen, let me intreat you to step this way—you will be of great service.

[*Exit.*

*Bland.* If we can be of any, madam,—

[*Exit.*

Sir

Sir Will. Faith, I believe all this puzzle has arose from their jealousy; let us see the end of it— [Exit.

Bel. Now, Beverley, now, Belinda, make good use of your time, and all will be well still.

[Exeunt Bellmont and Clarissa.

Belinda, Beverley.

Bew. I see, I see my rashness——— } (*aside.*)

Belin. I have been deceived, I find

Bew. If she would but forgive my folly—(*looks at her.*

Belin. Why does he not speak to me?—I can't speak first———

Bew. Belinda!———

Belin. Mr. Beverly!—(*smiles aside.*)

Bew. Don't you think you have been cruel to me, Belinda?

Belin. Don't you think you have behaved worse to me, Mr. Beverley?

Bew. I have; I grant it, Oh! Belinda!—(*takes her hand.*

Belin. (*Without looking at him.*) You first disordered my whole frame of mind, and can you wonder——

Bew. Oh! my soul, my life, it was all my fault——— (*Throws his arm round her waist.*) do you forgive me?——

Belin. (*Leaning on his shoulder.*) You knew the generosity of my temper, the sincerity of my affection, how could you let an extravagance of temper so far get the better——

Bew. I blush for it—do you forgive me?

Belin. (*Drawing closer to him, and smiling.*)—No—I hate you!——

Bew. (*Kissing her cheek.*) Do you hate me, Belinda?——

Belin. Was it not unkind?——Was it not ungenerous?——

Bew. It was—thus on my knees——

Belin. Oh! proud man, have I humbled you once more?—Well, now you are on your knees, I forgive you—beg my picture back of me this moment—(*shows it to him.*

Bew. (*Taking it.*) Oh! I will adore it ever, and heal this breach with uninterrupted love——

Enter

*Enter Sir John, Lady Restless, Sir William, Mr. Blandford, Bellmont, and Clarissa.*

*Sir John.* Ha! ha!—yes, faith, I see we have both made ourselves very ridiculous—Ha! ha—

*Lady Rest.* I see and acknowledge it.

*Sir John.* Egad! I own it;—I can laugh at my own folly and my wife's too—ha! ha!—

*Bland.* Why yes, Sir John, you have been both terribly in the wrong, indeed;—but, Belinda, don't you be in the wrong too—accept of Mr. Beverley this moment.

*Belin.* If you insist upon it—

*Bland.* I do insist upon it—

*Bev.* Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes.

*Belin.* Well, Sir, and now it's over; you have but commanded me, to gratify my inclinations, for we have both seen our error, and frankly confess we have been in the wrong too.

*Sir Will.* Faith, I think we have been all so; Mr. Blandford, we should not have opposed their inclinations, when we had it in our power to make two such happy matches instead of one—

*Bland.* Very true; and now I wish the young folks all happiness;—and, Sir John, I wish you and your lady happy too—

*Sir John.* Sir, it has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, I hope, and may tend to all our advantage—My lady here will be taught—

*Lady Rest.* Sir John, I hope you will be taught.—

*Bland.* Never mention what is past—the wrangling of married people about any little misconduct is only like the lashing of a top; it serves to keep it up the longer.

*Sir John.* You are very right, Sir; and as we have been all in the wrong this day, we will, for the future endeavour to be “All in the Right.”

*(Here Lady Restless talks apart with Belinda.)*

*Bev.* A good proposal, Sir John; we will make it our business, both you who are married, and we who  
are

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are entering into that state, by mutual confidence, to insure mutual happiness.

*Blin.* A match, Mr. Beverley; I subscribe to it;—

The god of love thinks we profane his fire,  
When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.  
But where esteem and gen'rous passions spring,  
There reigns secure, and waves his purple wing,  
Gives home felt peace, prevents the nuptial strife,  
Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.



F I N I S.

